WORLD SOCCER

40p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

AUGUST 1974

World SOCCER
GEORGI DENEV and JAN OLSSON
Bulgaria
Sweden

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688
Telex 28435
Editor PHILIP RISING
AUGUST WORLD SOCCER
VOL. 14 No. 10

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

Clough—still in the news

THE football season in England is still a couple of weeks away, but Brian Clough still managed to win his share of the headlines in a month when Don Revie took over as England's new team boss, and Bill Shankly announced his retirement from Liverpool.

The appointment of Revie is to be applauded, although it would be foolish to expect England's national side to take on a different complexion immediately. It would be nice if England could emulate the style and flair of Holland but, for the time being, the right sort of players just aren't available.

With Revie taking a job he has seemed destined to get for some time, the way was open for Brian Clough to get back into the "big-time". It won't be easy for him at Leeds and it remains to be seen how he fares without his trusty partner, Peter Taylor, who has elected to remain with Brighton and Hove Albion.

The Brighton-Leeds United affair had an unsavoury ring about it but on the surface it looks as though Brighton had no more real reason to complain about losing Clough than Leeds had about losing Revie.

Shankly's decision was a shock and Anfield will never be the same. A number of the Liverpool players begged Shankly to stay on. You can appreciate their feelings, but surely they should respect their boss's reasons for wanting a rest. He deserves it and WORLD SOCCER takes this opportunity of wishing him well and thanking the inimitable Bill Shankly for so many fond memories.

WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd. Registered at the Post Office as a newspaper.

FRONT COVER PICTURE

Giacinto Facchetti, captain of Italy, exchanges pennants with Wilner Nazaire, skipper of Haiti.

Brian Glanville reports from Munich

Rep miss cost the Dutch a victory

THE most satisfactory result of this World Cup Final would, for me, have been a win for Holland, but I was none too confident of their achieving it, after their victory in Dortmund, over Brazil. It seemed to me then that their defence had been more vulnerable than ever. There was no doubt in my mind that their splendid attack would get goals against the West German defence, itself no thing of concrete; but would they be enough?

As we know, they weren't; or, to be more precise, *it* wasn't; not even though it came at the potentially traumatising moment of the first minute. There are those who felt that thereafter the Dutch threw the game away, by playing possession football. I think they may have been wise after the event. Johan Neeskens himself remarked at the banquet that evening that the Dutch had been wary of the West German onslaught, and could not quite believe it when it did not come.

For me, the moment which turned the World Cup Final came late in the first half. The West German defence broke down completely, leaving Johan Cruyff and Johnny Rep, on his left, dashing through, with only Franz Beckenbauer between them and Sepp Maier. It should have been all over a goal. Cruyff did exactly what he needed to do; drew Beckenbauer, then slipped Rep through. But Rep is not a player of any earth shaking class. He failed to beat Sepp Maier, who would later make another vital save from Neeskens' volley; and the Cup was dashed from Holland's lips.

So it was Muller, a couple of minutes before the interval, who would score what proved the decisive goal. The way was expertly prepared for him by Grabowski and the forceful Bonhof, on the right flank. Bonhof went past Arie Han on his outside with a fine burst of speed, the ball sped by the blond, resourceful centre-back Rijsbergen, and Muller pulled it towards him with one foot, and struck it past Jongbloed with the other.

The first German goal was one which morally belonged to Holzenbein. The young West German left winger had, for me, an excellent match. If he hadn't decided to go it alone, in that twenty-fifth minute, who knows if the West Germans would ever have scored, and thrown off the yoke of that early and unsettling goal.

Overath, happy as a lark before and after the Final, the man who kept Netzer in the sand — not even on the bench — began the movement nicely from a deep position, sending both Breitner and Holzenbein galloping up the left wing. The easy option was for Holzenbein to lay the ball off to Breitner, but he had the gumption to hold on to it himself, accelerate splendidly into the penalty area, and provoke Jansen desperately to chop him down. Breitner shot the penalty low to Jongbloed's left hand.

Neeskens had made a less impressive job of the first minute Dutch penalty, though it went home powerfully enough, right footed. Yet had Maier not gone the wrong way — by which I mean, had he actually stayed where he was! — he might well have had it.

The kick came after Holland had kept the ball in a protracted bout of possession football, after the kick off. At last it was played back to Johan Cruyff, who burst through, swerved easily around Berti Vogts, the man who had been detailed to guard him, and was brought down by Uli Hoeness.

West German goalkeeper Sepp Maier goes the wrong way as Johan Neeskens scores for Holland from the penalty spot in the 1974 World Cup Final.

Responsible

Thereafter, Helmut Schoen's gamble in using Vogts on Cruyff paid. Yet it's legitimate to ask where Vogts was when that long ball split the West German defence, letting Cruyff and Rep through. Goals, and misses, alter games. It could easily have turned out that Vogts was partly responsible for two goals, rather than only one; but that is how it goes.

If it seemed in anticipation a Final to celebrate the Cult of Personality, an almost private battle between Cruyff and Beckenbauer, in the event, it was not. Neither had an outstanding game. Cruyff was more subdued than in any other match of the tournament, while Beckenbauer played a surprisingly cautious and wary game in defence. Only once did he make an attempt at goal, and that, in the first half, was significantly from a free kick; a clever lob when Hoeness ran over the ball, which the gallant Jongbloed tipped over the bar.

I certainly would not compare this West German team with the one which took the European Nations Cup of 1972, a team which had the genius of a Gunter Netzer and a Franz Beckenbauer at their best. The 1974 team had on its escutcheon the blot of that defeat by East Germany. As Helmut Schoen has said, it was ultimately a benign factor; though he did not agree with Franz Beckenbauer, who told me he felt one boon was the fact that it put West Germany in a weaker final qualifying group.

The arrival of Bonhof galvanised the West German midfield, and Holzenbein, as we have seen, came on mightily in the Final. Indeed, I could compare his contribution to West Germany's success to that made by Amarildo to the Brazilian victory of 1962. Which leads me to observe that the Brazil of 1970 would have beaten either finalist of 1974; as would the West Germany of 1972, for that matter.

The winning goal for West Germany against Holland scored by Gerd Muller.

For me, Holland "lost" the World Cup when the powerful Barrie Hulshoff dropped out, forcing them to press Arie Haan into service as a defender, and thus withdrawing his vigorous presence from midfield. That he is not a very good defender was shown by the way Bonhof went past him on that vital occession. I doubt whether he would have gone past Hulshoff.

Jongbloed, the 33-year-old veteran who came along for the ride and found himself playing, did well in the Final, making a superb one-handed save from Berti Vogts in the first half, and a number of characteristically timely dashes from goal in the second. He is not so good with crosses; but then, you can't have everything.

I thought the outstanding Dutch player in the Final was Wim Van Hanegem, a notable mixture of power and subtlety. What a marvellous temperament for the great occasion he has; How sad that he should finish in the losing side!

TICKETS FIASCO

THE World Cup tickets situation is one that clearly needs to be sorted out—that much is obvious of one of the most-debated side-issues of the competition.

Long before the Final we were informed that four matches had been sold out—the opening game, the clash between West and East Germany, the third and fourth place match and the final.

"Sold out" was a misnomer. What the organisers meant was that they got rid of the tickets—but this may well have needlessly dissuaded many fans from trying to obtain tickets, or pushed precipitously into paying way over the odds on the black market.

Early on during the ticket sales campaign, I was highly critical of the method by which it seemed the British World Cup Consortium was using the ticket allocation for Britain to sell holidays, with details about the ordinary straight sale of tickets being buried away in a holiday brochure which might have come direct from Clarkson's, Horizon or any other holiday package firm.

I still think that criticism very valid—and I hope to goodness that the contract for ticket sales in Argentina does not rule out people who want merely to buy tickets—unlike the Mexico fiasco.

But my purpose here is to berate the West Germans. When I arrived in Munich a day or two before the final I was confronted in the hallway of the main railway station by the notice: "Brazil-Poland: all tickets". The tourist office was selling tickets for all four ratios of standing and seating, and charging a mere ten per cent handling fee!

Tourist

And that was for a match which was supposed to be "sold out". Sold out to whom, one wonders, and with what motive? Were tourist offices forced to buy tickets to help the receipts record along?

Perhaps not, maybe that would be pushing things too far.

What was even more remarkable was that at the same time ticket spivs were pushing tickets for Poland-Brazil at inflated prices in the centre of the city.

And on the Saturday, black market merchants had virtually taken over all the main spaces in the shopping centre and in front of the town hall, selling tickets for both the third-place match and the final.

Selling tickets in block is probably the easiest advance sale system to adopt. But it may well distort attendance figures. West German grounds do not have turnstiles, so the attendance figure for the matches in the finals are estimates. And these can be misleading.

For example, the Rheinstadion in Dusseldorf was officially a full house 67,000 for the Sweden-West Germany game. All right, all the tickets had been sold, but no one will kid me that there were 67,000 present—60,000 perhaps, but there were plenty of tickets lying unused that night.

To take another Dusseldorf example: the Sweden-Yugoslavia match. Nearly 40,000 tickets were sold for this game, but attendance estimates varied between 10,000 and 15,000—and I reckon that 10,000 was probably including the security men and the pigeons.

So when you see the "official" attendance figures, just take them with a pinch of salt. And don't let the words "sold out" fool you either.

by KEIR RADNEDGE

World Cup Thoughts by Brian Glanville

Alarmin of Ernst

BASED in Munich, though perpetually flying here and there, I had a good deal to do with the Haitian delegation, and was able to watch at close quarters the alarming business of Ernst Jean Joseph.

As you will doubtless remember, the poor fellow, a red haired Mulatto who played centre-back, was found guilty of taking a stimulant drug, and thrown out of the World Cup. Cue for our old friends, the Tons Tons Macoutes, some of whom were to be seen sitting menacingly around my hotel, no doubt waiting for such a crisis; or opportunity.

At first it seemed that all would be well with Jean Joseph. He was still sitting disconsolate around the hotel, comforted by a pleasant West German hostess who spoke French, at a time when he had already, allegedly, returned to Haiti. M. Jean Vorbe, father of the footballer, Philippe, and a leading club President in Haiti, assured me that Jean Joseph would stay on to see the last Haitian game.

He also insisted that Jean Joseph's original story, that he had taken the drug against habitual asthma, was perfectly true. This contradicted the firm assertion of the French team doctor, Hugueux, who had publicly and surprisingly insisted that Jean Joseph had no asthmatic trouble of any kind, that the drug had indeed been taken as a stimulant, and that the boy was not intelligent enough to know what he was doing.

Enter the Tons Tons Macoutes. Suddenly, Jean Joseph was dragged out of his quarters at the Grunwald Sports School where the team was staying, beaten, shoved into a taxi, taken to the Sheraton Hotel, and there locked in a room, prior to being flown back the next morning on a Pan Am jet to Port Au Prince; where Baby Doc Duvalier was allegedly waiting for him in high dudgeon.

High dudgeon had, indeed, characterised the plump dictator's attitude to his team's misfortunes. He had been furious with Antoine Tassy, the manager, because he had slept through, or at least refused to answer, a call Baby Doc made to him by dead of night.

I need not perhaps remind you that the Haitians' qualification for the World Cup finals was itself a dubious affair; that a subsequently suspended El Salvador referee disallowed no fewer than four goals against them by Trinidad, in the qualifying rounds in Port Au Prince.

Let me, however, detract nothing from the Haitian footballers, of whom at least three, Vorbe himself, the excellent 28-year-old goalkeeper, Francillon, and the clever centre-forward, Sanon, will be staying on in Europe. Francillon, who told me that his idol was the Gordon Banks of the 1970 World Cup, will actually be playing on in Munich, for Munich 1860.

Holzenbein is brought down by Jansen of Holland and referee Jack Taylor of England awards West Germany a penalty.

Cheerful

I met the Haitian players in the Munich zoo, the day after their fine performance against Italy, over which no shadow then hung. They were charming, cheerful and forthcoming, though it was sometimes hard to follow their quickly accented Caribbean French (Francillon, fortunately, speaks a clearer and more orthodox kind.) An Italian television reporter asked him whether he did not feel he was over privileged as a footballer. "In Haiti," was the sane reply, "we fight to be privileged".

The players, I am happy to say, stood solid with Jean Joseph, threatening to strike if he were maltreated. Certainly his power in the air was missed against the Poles, as M. Jean Vorbe complained to me, but the action taken against him was reminiscent of Graham Greene's novel, *The Comedians*; life imitating art, and in the nastiest way.

Another strange feature of the whole sombre affair was that the West German hostess was hauled on to the carpet for having dared to report the beating up and kidnapping of Jean Joseph—who telephoned her desperately during the night—to the police. But then the whole organisation of this World Cup was strange.

World Cup Thoughts by Brian Glanville

g business Jean Joseph

Paul Breitner coolly slots home a penalty for West Germany in the World Cup Final against Holland after Holzenbein had been brought down (see opposite page).

WHEN I met Gianni Brera, known (somewhat surprisingly) as the leading Italian sports journalist, in Frankfurt, he kissed me on both cheeks. A Judas kiss, indeed. For some days later, I learned that Brera had made an attack on me in the Milanese scandal sheet, *Guerin Sportivo*, of almost incredible viciousness and bad faith.

The cause, as you will doubtless have guessed, was the Lobo Affair; the exposure in the *Sunday Times* by Keith Botsford and myself of the attempt by the Hungarian Deszo Solti to bribe Lobo, before the Derby-Juventus European Cup game.

Brera, much to my surprise, wrote nothing about it in his newspaper, *Il Giorno*, though he might have been expected to be the first to comment. Then a clue was given. The Roman weekly, *Il Tifone*, announcing that *Guerin Sportivo* was the only Italian journal, to name Solti only as "a mysterious personage," revealed that he had been a close friend of Brera for years.

Brera then broke cover, with a wild, paranoiac attack in *Guerin Sportivo* on Solti and myself, worthy of Hitler's and Streicher's *Der Stuermer*. It was all, he cried, a vile Jewish plot between Solti and myself, to discredit Italian football.

A fascinating theory; at least to a psychoanalyst. First, it is generally believed that Solti's career in Italian football, after ten locust years and more, has been destroyed by the expose. Second, I have never met the deplorable Solti in my life. Third . . . but why go on? These surely are the ravings of a sick mind.

I would point out only that Keith Botsford, my invaluable collaborator on the Solti Affair, is descended through his Florentine mother from the aristocratic Italian family of Rangoni-Machiavelli. It will be interesting to see what Brera, in his fine frenzy, can make of that. Hitler, after all, said that Roosevelt and Churchill were Jews.

Ambitious

WHAT now, with FIFA? Havelange's election may well turn out to be a poisoned chalice for South American football; even for himself. Sir Stanley Rous has been criticised for failing to run an effective campaign against the ambitious and egregious Brazilian, who travelled the world, spending untold thousands of pounds in somewhat obscure ways, to win votes and influence (usually coloured) people.

I am not disposed to be too critical of Rous. Once an election campaign reaches such depths of suborning, insidious persuading and outright cynicism, what is an honourable man to do? "Europe could have helped him," said a Dutch journalist. Perhaps they could. But I cannot share the view that Rous, for example, should have sold the Formosan Chinese down the river and let Red China in, just to win votes from the African and Asian bloc. There is no guarantee that he would have done so, anyway.

What is only too likely to happen now is a European breakaway from FIFA; or in any case the threat of one. Havelange, with all his facile promises, is going to find himself in a very awkward situation. He has been put into power largely by the Afro-Asians, but to redeem his many promises to them he will have to cut across the Europeans, already furious at being outvoted by the lesser countries of world football, when they themselves hold some eighty per cent of the power.

What is needed is to get away from the stupid principle of universal suffrage, one country one vote. The Europeans might well point a pistol at the head of FIFA and make this their proviso for staying in the organisation. But you imagine the howling and screaming that would come from the Afro Asian bloc if they did.

COULD MU END

Keir Radnedge reports from West Germany

HARD though it may be to believe, the World Cup Final in Munich may have been the final to end them all. Quite simply, the Adidas World Cup may well prove to have been the last because of increasing uncertainty about the competition's future and because of unrest among European football federations about the constitution of FIFA—the governing body they set up in 1904.

At that time, none of the seven founder members dared think of a time when the organisation would boast 142 adherents with a gap in class and sophistication which would make nonsense of the original commendable loyalty to the principle of one country, one vote.

That was fair enough when FIFA had but a handful of members and the game was developing at a similar speed in each country. But that time is long past.

Decisions

Now; when it comes to taking decisions in congress, the vote of Haiti carries as much weight as that of England; the vote of West Germany only sways decisions to the same extent as that of Australia.

And the Europeans have finally awoken to the fact that the monster they created can be used against them to destroy their grip on world football.

The voting system was never queried while a European was president of FIFA—and a European always had been president until a few weeks ago—because most smaller nations had always been happy to play follow-my-leader.

Not any more. Cossetted in the belief of the divine right of Europe, the continental federations have realised far too late that their days in control are numbered. The threat was implicit in the election of Joao Havelange to the presidency in succession to Sir Stanley Rous.

Havelange rode to power on the votes of Africa and Asia, with the French and Portuguese helping to tilt the balance when a second vote for a straight majority was called for.

Havelange spent thousands of pounds and virtually two years campaigning, and one of the major promises which earned him support was the proposal to increase the number of World Cup finalists to 20 in Argentina in 1978 and to 24 in Spain in 1982.

Now the finals, in case you have not grasped the fact, are more about money than football. They represent a considerable amount both for FIFA and the competing countries.

Ridiculous

Havelange's proposals on the surface look like a sop to Europe—an attempt to end the ridiculous situation whereby the finals can take place without England, Spain, Belgium, Russia and Hungary.

But it does not work that way. Under Havelange's scheme, Europe, now blessed with nine places in the final 16, would gain only one extra finalist—the rest of the new vacancies would go to the Zaires and Haitis. Not surprisingly a number of the European federations are up in arms at the idea.

Let it be said straightaway that this is not a mere matter of pride and jealousy. Europe has two thirds of the footballers (amateur and professional) registered in the world and two-thirds of the clubs and on that basis favour a minimum of ten guaranteed places if not 11 in a World Cup Finals competition of 16.

The idea that they should gain only one place while the underdeveloped football nations—however many of them there may be—should bet a better chance to cash in on the bonanza of an enlarged World Cup is viewed as virtually a criminal offence.

That the FIFA presidency race should have been a Europe versus South America tussle further polarised attitudes and Sir Stanley added fuel to the fire with his remarkable "Keep FIFA European" appeal at the UEFA Congress in May.

Then came the World Cup and the crushing defeats of Zaire and Haiti, and Artemio Franchi, president of both UEFA and the Italian football federation was encouraged to add his voice to the protests.

Europe would insist on the number of finalists being kept to 16, he said. Europe would also press for changes in the qualification procedures "to promote quality not quantity".

Presumption

One of the problems of the World Cup has always been the myth—fostered perhaps as an excuse for not going inter-continental in the jet age—that the finals are held to give developing nations a chance to mingle with the greats. And it is this presumption which has for so long maintained the staid old pattern of European against European, South American against South American, etc, in the qualifying stages.

The Europeans would dearly like a system in which, say, England would be drawn in a preliminary group with Zaire, El Salvador and Israel; in which Argentina would have to do battle with Haiti, Australia and Wales. A seeding system similar to that used for the finals could be extended to the qualifying rounds—though Argentina, of course, will not face the task of qualifying if the 1978 finals go ahead as planned.

Whether they will or not is still somewhat doubtful. Relations between Argentina and Europe, though they have improved of late, partly thanks to the national team's performances in West Germany, have never been of the best and Franchi added to the suspicion that UEFA would not mind splitting from FIFA and missing a

Jairzinho of Brazil in action against Zmuda (left) and Szymanowski of Poland.

NICH FINAL THEM ALL?

Jubilant West German players after their 2-1 victory over Holland in the 1974 World Cup Final.

fraught 1978 when he criticised both national and football politics on the River Plate.

This of course drew a heated retort. But the truth of the matter—leaving aside the question of the Peron succession—is that at one stage recently Argentina did have two men claiming to be president of the FA. Franchi is not alone in feeling that if the Argentinians cannot keep their own house in order, how can they be expected to marshal an enlarged World Cup? And while we are discussing World Cup complications at such length, there is another matter on which FIFA must be forced to try to act: the release of players for their national teams.

Problem

This is a subject about which the Scots feel bitter, but it is even more of a problem for nations such as Argentina and Uruguay, whose clubs have had to sell their best men abroad to keep their financial heads above water.

Shortly before these finals it seemed that the Argentinians might be forced to play without Ayala, Heredia and Yazalde because of insurance payment and wage adjustment demands from their clubs, Atletico Madrid and Sporting Lisbon.

In the end all was settled amicably, but Uruguay were not so lucky; having obtained the release of Brazilian-based Mazurkiewicz, Forland Rocha and the Buenos Aires pair of Baudilio Jauregui and Ricardo Pavoni, they found too excessive the demands of another Brazilian club, Gremio, over the possible release of defender Atilio Anchetta. Gremio are said to have demanded a down-payment of £60,000 followed by a friendly match in Brazil for which the Uruguayans would pay all their own costs.

Blackmail

It took a stroke of minor blackmail for Chile to obtain the release of Elias Figueroa from Internacional of Porto Alegre, also in Brazil. They had to put pressure on Joao Havelange over the FIFA presidential election to obtain the man who was clearly one of the best defenders in the tournament.

This is a situation which must be ended —and Havelange would strike a hefty blow for the freedom of international soccer if he could make this one of his aims—rather than odd extra tournaments for kindergarten players.

So ultimately, we come back to what action might Franchi and his supporters take if their doubts about Argentina and the whole World Cup 1978 cannot be erased?

Secession is not the extreme last resort it might appear, though it would be sad if we came to such a pass.

Financially the football world lives off Europe. This is why so many South American clubs tour in the Old World and sell their best players in the Old World—it is the only way they can stay afloat.

Europe has successfully organised its international club and nation competitions and would quite happily organise its own *ersatz* "world championship". Brazil and Argentina would be missed of course, but few would weep for the loss of Uruguay and Chile. The World Cup went ahead without the British associations in 1930, 1934 and 1938 and is no less a competition for all that.

Dramatic

Not that I am suggesting anything as dramatic as a FIFA congress at which Franchi would stand up, blow a whistle and shout: "Right lads, that's it, all out."

First Europe will try gently to control the development of the World Cup to suit their wishes. But should they fail, and if the Third World thrust their politics any further into contention, then many UEFA associations would feel little compunction in going it alone.

It is a crisis which could come to a head soon. There is too much money at stake for Europe to climb down.

FRANCISCO MARINHO of Brazil talks to World Soccer

We didn't do enough homework

QUESTION: There have been many reasons given for Brazil's failure to retain the World Cup, but looking back, I think that the main one is that Mario Zagalo and the team as a whole miscalculated the mood of European football during their tour last year. Do you agree?

ANSWER: I agree that European football seems to have at last thrown off its defensive shackles. But on the other hand, during our European tour, we found our European opponents just as defence conscious as they had ever been. But, maybe just maybe we didn't take proper notice of the opposition.

What I mean by this is that of all the games we played, none, apart from our clash with West Germany, was against a free-scoring side. And the West German game itself was far too tension-charged to be anything but a defensive battle. I don't think we miscalculated how European football was developing, it's just that we simply didn't do enough homework.

Brazil, whose three Cup triumphs were based on brilliant forward play, now seem to be infected by the blight of negative football. Has the flair which made Brazil famous throughout the world disappeared?

We still have young players in Brazil capable of playing uninhibited forward play. And certainly now is the time for us to start blooding youngsters. What let us down in Germany was fear.

We so convinced ourselves that defence was all that mattered in world competition, that we sacrificed attack in the process. Now that we realise we were wrong, a new more adventurous Brazil is bound to blossom.

After Brazil's defeat at the hands of Holland, Mario Zagalo said, and I quote him:

"Only three Brazilian players will survive the purge which will follow the World Cup failure. Francisco Marinho, Paulo Cesar Carpegiani and Direeu. In modern football there is no room for those who can play in only one position." Have you any comment to make about this?

Obviously I am pleased my name is one of the three mentioned. But I do feel that Mr. Zagalo is rather exaggerating our situation. For example I am of the opinion that Paulo Cesar could still become one of the most dangerous forwards in the world game, even after his relatively poor showing in Germany. All he needs is his confidence back, which playing in France could well help to achieve.

I think both he and Jairzinho are right to think about joining a European club. Only in Europe can a South American player really learn both speed and sharpness. Another player who is virtually assured of winning many more cups for Brazil is Luis Pereira, one man whose reputation was greatly enhanced during the World Cup matches.

Frankly I think that if we'd had just one top-class striker in the squad, we could still have reached the Final.

Now that Brazil's team manager Mario Zagalo is on the verge of retiring, a new manager has to be appointed. The favourite it seems is Brandao of Palmeiras, another club manager who showed how widely defensive football has spread in South America by winning the Championship with 62 points and scoring only 52 goals . . .

It is true that Palmeiras's success was based purely on defence. However, as I said earlier, since 1970 we became so pre-occupied with defensive formations and tactics that Mr. Brandao had no alternative.

But, now that the World Cup is over I am convinced that everyone in Brazil, whether they be coaches or players, has learned a great deal. Palmeiras are a a fine side, capable of exciting attacking football.

And I am convinced we've seen the end of the Brazilian flirtation with defence.

Physical

In the match against Holland, Brazil, overwhelmed by the skill of the Dutch, resorted to violence and produced the most physical and ill-tempered game of tournament. In fact there were more fouls off the ball than we have seen since the 1962 World Cup match between Italy and Chile. Looking back, would you say the tactics Brazil used were called for?

I think frustration had much to do with our behaviour in the Dutch match, although I must say that in my view the Dutch were not entirely blameless. After all, it takes two to start an argument!

Why frustration? Because here we were playing a side totally committed to the attacking game, just as we had been in 1970. And the only weapon we had to use against them was a rigid defensive system.

Yet even in this game we still looked dangerous when going forward, and but for a deflection, Jairzinho could well have given us the lead. But basically a match like that does nothing for anyone's reputation.

You are relatively new to the international football scene. Tell us something about yourself.

Pessimism

I started my career playing in Natal, and frankly I never thought I would ever have a chance of leaving my local club. But my pessimism proved to be unfounded, because after a few months Nautico (Recife) signed me, and it wasn't long before Botafogo came along with an offer.

My first team debut for Botafogo was something of an experience. I found meyself playing at the Maracana Stadium against Santos, Pele and all. After a nervous start I soon settled down and had quite a good game. And from then on I haven't looked back. I suppose the biggest influence on my career was Mr. Gradim, my coach at Recife. He always showed great faith in my ability, and his all-round knowledge of the game has proved to be of tremendous value to me.

Finally, now that the World Cup is over, don't you think that everything turned out for the best for football in general . . .

I couldn't agree more. The final between West Germany and Holland was full of superb attacking football. In my opinion this game will act as a spur to the rest of the world, because it proved beyond any shadow of a doubt that you can be both successful and entertaining at the same time. I believe the Dutch did a great service for world football.

Bukta

for people who put life into living

Put life into your sports.
See the wider-than-ever range of Bukta sportwear for athletics, football, rugby, cricket, tennis, squash, golf, hockey and swimming at your local sport outfitter.
Or write for your FREE full-colour brochure on the sport of your choice to the:

Publicity Department, Bukta, Brinksway, Stockport, Cheshire SK4 1ED.

Lato (left, dark shirt) and his Polish colleague Szarmach mount an attack with Torstensson of Sweden close at hand. Poland won 1-0.

THE

POLAND, who surprised many people with the quality of their football, have proved conclusively that they eliminated England from the preliminary stages of the world championship purely on merit. Indeed, Poland appeared good enough to even win the World Cup. Only bad luck and some stupendous saves by the German goalkeeper Maier prevented the Poles from reaching the Final. And so the big question still remains: How much better would they be, if only there was organised professional football in Poland.

Climax

The exploits of their national side since the triumph over England, which reached a startling climax during the World Cup finals, became a major talking point among the millions of soccer fans who followed their gallant progress in Germany. Yet, few people realise even today, that these Poles are basically amateurs. No Polish player earns his living directly from football and that is one reason why they are qualified to take part in the Olympic Games tournament. And, in fact, Poland are the reigning Olympic champions.

Professional sport has never been practised in Poland, in any shape or form. And the present government has quite naturally continued this tradition. Since the war Poland has been a People's Republic, a Socialist State. The ruling political group is the Workers Party and not the Communist Party as falsely assumed. Poland has no Communist traditions at all, and actually remains even today a staunchly Roman Catholic country, in which regular church attendances are, on percentage, at least eight times as high as in England for instance!

Regulations

There are no professional clubs in Poland and hence there cannot be any paid footballers. It is true, that their stars receive a modest winning bonus in cash, but otherwise the clubs do not pay any remuneration. Under the rules and regulations of the Polish Football Federation every player must furnish proof that he has a trade or profession, before he can be registered as a League footballer.

This applies, of course, equally to the members of the national squad. Team captain Kazimierz Deyna, for instance, is a qualified designer. The flying winger Robert Gadocha holds a diploma of a draughtsman, while his partner on the right flank Grzegorz Lato is a qualified mechanic. The giant centre back Jerzy Gorgon is studying to become a mining engineer; midfielder Zygmunt Maszczyk is a trained electrician and right back Antoni Szymanowski a car mechanic. Centre forward Andrzej Szarmach and the midfield players Leslaw Cmikiewicz and Kazimierz Kmiecik are qualified turners, whilst full back Zbigniew Gut is a locksmith.

As a typical example of how a Polish international lives and plays I have taken that lovable and colourful character, their goalkeeper Jan Tomaszewski. This giant custodian who stands 6ft. 3 in. and weights 14st. 2 lbs. is officially employed by a large textile works in Lodz, an industrial centre and the second largest city in Poland.

He plays there for the local First Division side L.K.S. (Lodzki Klub Sportowy). Tomaszewski, who is now 26, earns about £108 a month, which is paid by the factory and is incidentally double the national average wage. The only money he receives from his club is a win bonus from a League match which comes to some £17. There is nothing for a lost game! During a good month Tomaszewski can hope to earn roughly £250 from all sources.

Of course, it is difficult to measure the buying power of the Polish zloty against the Western currencies. But even for advertising or promotions Tomaszewski hardly gets a comparable reward. Often he has to accept just the product which he helps to sell, but no other payment. Apart from playing for L.K.S. he frequently visits youth clubs, other sports organisations and factories. But even this service he provides free, simply as a representative of his own firm.

Exercises

Tomaszewski trains normally twice a day. This includes special exercises designed for goalkeepers which consist of a series of gymnastic movements aimed at developing agility and reflexes. In addition, his programme is filled with playing handball with a club colleague but mostly he trains alone.

In the winter, when because of snow and ice plus sub zero temperatures, football is impossible in Poland, all training takes place indoors, usually in the gymnastic hall of the L.K.S. club. Last December, when his team had to fulfil a League fixture and played on a bone hard frozen surface in a temperature of minus 12 Centigrade, Tomaszewski sustained a badly cut elbow which put him out of action for such a long time, that it was feared he might miss the World Cup.

He was born in Wroclaw and played for a while for Legia Warsaw before settling down in Lodz. He is married to a beautiful blonde called Dorota (Dorothy), who is now a well known television announcer. Before that she worked in a bank, one of whose customers was Tomaszewski, and that is how they met. It was love at first sight, and they have now been married just over a year. They have no children as yet, partly because until recently they had to live in his bachelor flat which consisted just of one room, kitchen and bathroom.

Now they have moved into a larger apartment in one of the new settlements on the outskirts of Lodz. Another reason is, that Tomaszewski has had a trying season preparing with the national squad for the World Cup, in addition to his normal commitments which mean an absence from home during some four days a week.

Dorota says with a sigh: "It can be very difficult and boring for me, but I wouldn't change it for the world. As long as 'Tomek' (his nickname) is happy." She rarely accompanies her husband abroad, but sees all his matches locally, as well as the big internationals in Poland.

Future

The national team regard her as their lucky mascot and certainly that was the case when she watched Poland beat both Wales and England in Chorzow last year. The only discord between the happy couple concerns their future family. Dorota would like a daughter, while Jan prefers to start with a boy. Both agree that their youngster should be interested in sport, but whilst she would like her daughter to play tennis, he would want his son to become a footballer, but not a goalkeeper! "It is always more rewarding to score goals, than just to try to prevent them," explains Jan.

POLAND'S AMATEURS SHOOK WORLD!

by

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Incidentally, he has an enormous collection of all sorts of mascots given to him by his fans, mostly young girls. Teddybears, elephants and lions, which he will perhaps save for his children.

Dorota keeps her lovely figure in trim, but she admits to problems when feeding her husband who is built like a heavyweight. She serves him—always with a calories table in hand—large portions of meat, which he likes, together with generous helpings of vegetables and fresh fruit. Tomaszewski eats anything—in reasonable quantities, he claims.

He also smokes, but only 10 cigarettes a day. He enjoys an occasional glass of beer or wine, but doesn't touch any spirits, not even the national beverage vodka!

Tomaszewski is highly ambitious, but he has a happy disposition and he is quite satisfied with his way of life. He has an attractive wife, a home and a car. And he is, next to Lubanski, the most popular footballer in the country. They call him "the man with the sunny smile".

Portrait

This then is the portrait of the Polish national goalkeeper, who has been often belittled and ever derided by some "experts" in Britain, but who has proved his class in the World Cup tournament. Tomaszewski was indeed the only custodian who has saved two penalties! One against Sweden and one against West Germany.

Last October, when he defied England it earned him the nickname of "the hero of Wembley". Today most Continental observers rate Tomaszewski among the best goalkeepers in the world, and certainly above any current English goalkeepers.

The British commentators—as again demonstrated during the World Cup—tend to belittle and often unjustly criticise foreign goalkeepers whilst overrating their own. They pick on one or two errors and try to uphold it as proof of a chronic weakness.

Of course, Tomaszewski is not faultless. No goalkeeper has ever been immaculate. England's much boosted Peter Shilton has a weakness on ground shots to his left—that's how the Poles beat him twice, in Chorzow (Lubanski) and at Wembley (Domarski).

Gordon Banks' clearances were notoriously poor and he, too, was sometimes late diving to ground shots to his right. The Germans knew this and exploited it with goals in 1966 (Haller) and 1972 (Muller).

Tomaszewski is sometimes uncertain over high crosses, but he has the fastest reflex reactions of any goalkeeper I have seen. He is now and again lucky, but then which goalkeeper isn't?

Berti Vogts of West Germany makes a spectacular tackle against Lato of Poland at the rain-soaked Frankfurt stadium.

We couldn't shut up shop against the Dutch

Jurgen Grabowski, who played for West Germany in the World Cup Final, talks to WORLD SOCCER

QUESTION: *"West Germany beat the favourites to take the title for the second time because they had the character and the mental tenacity to refuse to allow Holland to make fools of them after an incredible 65 second opening goal." This is what most of our British papers said after the Final was over. But as a German player, what was it really like on the field, knowing that just one goal could make the difference between victory and defeat?*

ANSWER: The game was tense, certainly more tense than anything I'd experienced before. We knew what the Dutch boys were capable of, and this placed us in an extremely difficult dilemma. Because we knew that if we attacked too much and left gaps at the back the Netherlands side would exploit them without mercy. So, what we tried to do was to play a well-balanced game.

What I mean by this is a strategy of defence and attack with equal force, with at no time sacrificing our back-line in favour of the latter. This worked, although on some occasions it was our last line of defence, Sepp Maier, (who has never played better in my view), who saved the day for us, especially when he got in the way of a vicious Johan Neeskens volley.

You see, against another side we probably would have been able to shut-up-shop in order to hang on to our slender lead. But the Dutch simply don't allow you to do this.

When England lost the World Cup in 1970, Sir Alf Ramsey was criticised for having kept the same players in his squad for far too long. Don't you think the same criticism would have been levelled at Mr. Schoen had not the team won the Final?

A hypothetical question deserves a hypothetical answer. Of course I would be telling lies if I said that the present West German squad could play together for many years to come. And it is true that none of us is getting any younger.

But make no mistake about it, Mr. Schoen knew exactly what he was doing. He selected the players on merit—age simply didn't come into it.

Obviously West Germany has now got to build for the next World Championship by giving a chance to younger men. But, in my opinion, if a country is to do well in a major competition it has got to choose its best players, irrespective of their ages, and this is exactly what Mr. Schoen did.

There has been a lot of talk about the friction which exists among the West German team . . .

During any major international sporting event you are bound to hear rumours and counter-rumours. But all that was written about personality clashes and the like in the West German camp simply wasn't true.

For example it was said that Wolfgang Overath and Gunter Netzer didn't like each other, so Mr. Schoen was obliged to play only one of them. This simply wasn't the case. You only had to look at Gunter's reaction when the English referee blew the final whistle to realise how much winning the World Cup meant to him.

After all, in 1970 much the same thing was said about Gerd Muller and Uwe Seeler, and look how well they played together!

After West Germany's defeat at the hands of East Germany, wasn't there a time when you saw the Cup slipping slowly out of your hands?

No, not really. Of course our defeat by East Germany was a blow to our pride, but that's about all. And when you look at it realistically, we were the ones who benefited. If we had beaten our East German neighbours, we would have been in the same group as both Brazil and Holland. So in a way the DDR did us a favour!

Money has played a big part in this World Cup. "The Munich Gold Rush", as one British paper called it. And every country seemed to jump on the money-waggon, with Italy leading, and even the no-hopers Zaire climbing in on the act by promising their players cars, houses and holidays as an incentive to do well. Do you think all this is good for the game?

I don't see any harm whatsoever in top sportsmen making money. It happens in golf, it happens in tennis, and neither has suffered. Of course you'll always get people who say that big money will ruin football. But I think these people should take a long hard look at the facts.

The football played in the recent World Cup was as exciting and as skilful as any seen in previous tournaments. Take the Dutch for example. They were accused of being money-conscious, yet they still managed to produce some of the most entertaining football seen for years.

And from a personal point of view, I can assure everyone that when you're out there playing in the World Cup, money-making is the least of your worries.

After England had proved in 1966 that it was possible to win the World Cup without employing orthodox wingers, the presence of a winger in an international side became less and less common. Yet throughout this period you continued to play in your natural role of a dribbling winger, capable of taking on and beating full-backs. And in fact you have proved time and again that modern defences often seem unable to cope with your style. Does this mean, do you think, that wingers could dominate world football in the '70s in the same way as they did in the '50s?

Frankly I don't think out-and-out wingers will ever return, because football has altered so much during the last fifteen years or so. Nowadays players should be capable of playing in any position.

I know that the expression "total football" has been used almost incessantly since about 1972, often by people who don't really know what it means. Basically "total football" is no magic formula—it simply means that every player in the side should be able to both attack and defend.

In my view this concept of the game will dominate the world football scene for many years to come. I suppose you could class me as an old-fashioned winger, but unlike the wingers of a decade ago I also have to be prepared to help out in defence.

This I think is the main difference between the football of to-day and that of the 1950s.

You are now thirty, which by to-day's standards puts you almost in the veteran class. And although your international career has been brimful of success, you have never quite matched this at club level. Have you never been tempted by the glamour and instant success, which a move to Bayern Munich or Borussia Moenchengladbach, would have guaranteed you?

To be honest I have never been interested in glamour. Looking back, I suppose I could have joined a more fashionable club, but I've always been so contented at Eintracht Frankfurt that the thought never entered my head.

It's true that I haven't exactly set the world alight at club level, but on the other hand maybe if I had signed for a more successful club, I wouldn't have had the same amount of time to concentrate on doing well for my country.

Player Portrait by Keir Radnedge

Hellstroem was best goalkeeper in Germany

SWEDEN'S attitude to the World Cup Finals—and one which made them very popular with Press and fans alike—was beautifully expressed by Staffan Tapper, the man whose Stuttgart penalty kick was stopped in controversial fashion by Poland's Jan Tomaszewski.

Manager Georg Ericsson and most of his players had no doubt that Tomaszewski moved before the kick was taken (the *wrong* way, I thought), and Tapper was asked afterwards why he had not protested to the referee.

"Well, why should I?" he countered. "Tomaszewski is a good goalkeeper, and, after all, it is only a game."

That the Swedes could maintain such composure while many of them were hoping to earn professional contracts with their displays, demonstrates amply that here was a team who were not, as so many people had thought, merely in West Germany to make up the numbers.

(*Even the seeding committee got that one wrong.*)

Blemish

But of all their players, the one who had the biggest personal success was not Ralf Edstroem ("The player who has impressed me most in the tournament," according to Alfredo di Stefano) or Roland Sandberg ("The fastest player in the tournament," according to almost everyone), but goalkeeper Ronnie Hellstroem.

Hellstroem, born on February 2, 1949, had a tremendous tournament—the only blemish perhaps being his hesitation when Robert Gadocha centred for the goal which brought Poland their victory over the Scandinavians. And some of the credit for Hellstroem's success must go to Peter Bonetti, whose style the Swede studied for several months during a winter close-season holiday in London.

Hellstroem, who has now won 42 caps, speaks excellent English and was modest enough when praised for Sweden's 100 per cent first round defence to say: "The credit is not really mine, you know. It is just that we have a defence here which can hold any opponent in the world."

Accolade

Almost . . . but Hellstroem did enough to earn the accolade of best goalkeeper in the finals from many experts. Against Uruguay in the last match of the first round he was superb, flinging himself in all directions to keep out some fine efforts from Pedro Rocha, Fernando Morena and Denis Milar.

It was this first half brilliance which allowed the Swedes to score three times in the second half to earn a place in the last eight.

Even after the Poland match Hellstroem still rated the Uruguayans the best shots in the tournament, but his finest hour—and worst beating—was yet to come.

Against West Germany, in the minor classic of a game in driving rain in Dusseldorf's Rheinstadion, Hellstroem was superb. One reflex save from Gerd Muller alone in the first half was the most outstanding of a catalogue of fine stops.

At the start of the second half too, with the Swedes clinging desperately to Edstroem's early goal, Hellstroem went full length to his left to turn away for a corner a beautiful effort from Franz Beckenbauer.

But of course all good things come to an end. First Wolfgang Overath stabbed in a right-foot shot and then Rainer Bonhof banged the ball in from the edge of the box after Muller had chested down Uli Hoeness's centre.

Upright

Even then Hellstroem did not seem to know that he had to be beaten—throwing himself across to his right to fingertip the ball onto the post, only for it to hurtle back behind him and roll into the net off the inside of the other upright.

Later Jurgen Grabowski and Hoeness—from the most dubious of the night's penalty situations—beat Hellstroem again, but in that one game he did enough to show Kaiserlautern, the West German *Bundesliga* club, what a fine investment they have made.

Hellstroem had already signed before the finals for the club most famous for the Walter brothers, Fritz and Ottmar, where he will team up with fellow Swedes Roland Sandberg and Benno Magnusson—though the latter may soon be on the move.

It had always been Hellstroem's ambition to play for a top professional club, but after a disappointing time in Mexico in 1970 where he seemed a bundle of nerves and presented Italy with a goal on a plate, he might have thought that his chance had gone.

Now Hellstroem thinks perhaps that he signed on the dotted line a little too soon.

His sharp reflexes have always been his greatest asset, but when it came to joining the Lauterers he was a little too sharp about accepting the two-year contract.

Had he waited until after the finals, with saves having been screened again and again on television throughout the world, he would have commanded much more money—and perhaps the attentions of some even greater clubs.

Up to now Hellstroem, who played for Hammarby, has been only a part-timer, albeit working as a buying director for the clothing business owned by the Hammarby president!

But now, as a full-time professional, he has a chance to repeat in the *Bundesliga* the performances which have made him such a popular figure already in West Germany.

And if he missed out a little over the signing-on bonus, he is happy enough, knowing that "since I'm getting married, any signing-on fee will come in useful."

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

WORLD CUP

TV Televis was hu enjoya

PERSONAL OPINION

by LESLIE VERNON

I WAS one of the few lucky people who didn't go to Germany for the World Cup. So, I didn't have to put up with German inefficiency, guard-dogs at training camps, players who asked fifty quid for immortal statements like "Ja, ich bin sehr confident", long tedious journeys and dreadful weather.

I missed the agony of waiting for the official team sheets of a match which was played a couple of days earlier. I missed the only World Cup Final in memory which nearly kicked-off without corner flags, because the Organisers were more concerned with a group of imported formation dancers.

Nevertheless, the tournament was played-off in my absence (no-one is indispensable!), and I have spent four weeks happily (well quite happily) in the offices and studios of London Weekend Television.

Activities

Interest declared, I am now able to look objectively at the T.V. coverage of the event. First, let's deal with pseudo-intellectual snobs who write on T.V. in the national press. They dislike outdoor activities of any kind, and football in particular In their eyes, any programme which interferes with the daily trivia, such as Crossroads, New Faces, Cilla, Lulu etc., is doing a grave disservice to the nation.

They never complain about the clash of light comedy both on B.B.C.1 and I.T.V., or straight plays, old films, documentaries. But when it comes to sport, the battle-cry shrieks out for an alternative to amuse a small percentage of their readers.

After a most careful checking of the World Cup coverage, I found that, in fact, only six games were shown at peak viewing times on both channels. That is 12 hours of televised football—real-life drama of colour and excitement—every four years!

The large majority of viewers, of course, ignored the critics, and the ratings were excellent. And if you, personally, don't like football Mr. Richard Afton (Evening News), why don't you try to read a book, listen to the radio, cultivate your garden or go to a pub? If it is empty because everyone else is "watching the football on the telly", then perhaps you'll get the message . . .

The other hysteria involved the T.V. panels. Everybody's favourites in 1970, this year the reception was less enthusiastic. "These things go in the cycles. Next time they'll love us again," was the unofficial I.T.V. comment.

"The journalists are jealous because we are always a step ahead of them. The morning papers carry old news after the public have seen the match on T.V.," was the even more unofficial comment from the B.B.C.

But I fear that the issues are not that simple. These "panels" are engaged for their entertainment value. They are supposed to provide good, interesting, stimulating football talk. The personalities selected should be articulate, knowledgeable, honest, and, at times, controversial.

So they must be judged on a completely different level than the professional commentators. We (football writers) are paid to look at the game, analyse it, enlighten our readers, praise and criticise. Experience on playing or managerial level is not essential, although obviously helpful.

Credentials

On the other hand, T.V. panelists, who, I emphasise, are not professionals in the communication medium, must have first-class credentials, which gives them the right to comment, thereby influencing the thinking of a vast audience.

For instance, Brian Clough or Malcolm Allison—both brilliant coaches of First Division champion teams—are perfectly entitled to approve or disapprove of Willie Ormond's team selection.

But they are not prophets, and it is idiotic to ridicule them, merely because, let's say, Yugoslavia didn't do quite as well as expected. Of all the pundits I liked Laurie McMenemy the least. He has no playing experience whatever. The high-spot of his managerial career was reached at Grimsby (!) and in six months, he "managed" to take Southampton down into the Second Division.

I suspect that he has never seen an international match (live!) played between two foreign teams, and his knowledge of world football is non-existent. Yet, this sage had the audacity to criticise such universally respected coaches as Helmut Schoen and Rinus Michels. Franz Beckenbauer, unquestionably the world's greatest defensive player, must have been really upset to hear that a manager of an English Second Division club doesn't think very highly of him!

"Laurie said that I am a luxury," he must have muttered, as he was holding up the FIFA World Cup, and then cried all the way to the bank . . .

Frank McLintock, at least, solved an age-old mystery. Now, we know that the Czar's daughter, Anastasia, wasn't murdered after all—she is playing centre-forward for Italy! Still, I cannot and would not give black marks to pro-

TOO

ALL right, I admit it. People like me, thanks to lavish praise dished out after the 1970 World Cup, are, in part, responsible for the panel beating televiewers were subjected to throughout the 1974 championships in West Germany.

In 1970 we liked those panels of experts. In particular, we applauded the ITV team for the refreshing new angle they gave to football presentation. But whether it be comedy series, documentaries, plays or sport, the television companies have a good idea — and then flog it to death.

One could be excused for thinking that the 1974 World Cup was run for benefit of television and their panels of experts. Indeed, if the same progress is made in the next four years we might as well dispense with the football and let the panels take over completely.

Competition between BBC and ITV was fierce. BBC suffered a cruel blow when original choices Don Revie and Bill Shankly withdrew, 'unfit', we were

ion gely ble

Brian Moore (left), Brian Clough, Malcolm Allison and Sir Alf Ramsey . . . members of the ITV panel which covered the World Cup tournament.

footballers for mis-pronouncing foreign names.

Commentators ought to know better. Full marks to David Coleman, Barry Davies, Gerry Sinstadt and John Motson! But another B.B.C. commentator told us that Yazalde plays for Sporting Lisbon of Barcelona and that Bonev was elected as "Player of the Year" in Yugoslavia. Geography isn't the strong point of Gerry Harrison (I.T.V.) either, who spotted the Swiss Alps from Frankfurt—a mere 350 miles away. According to him, 30 million Poles were watching a match—five million more than the entire adult population of Poland.

The East Germans must have had the letter "e" confiscated from them at "Checkpoint Charlie", and had to line-up with Kisch, Weis, Duck and sub. Kreisch against Holland—no wonder they were beaten.

Poor old Szarmach got the full treatment from Hugh Johns. During the same afternoon, his name was mispronounced in four different ways (a world record?), and the two Marinhos swapped first names at a bewildering rate.

Here, despite my eternal love for I.T.V I must give credit to the Beeb—they utilised their Pronunciation Department well Although Brian Moore, consistently excellent, has never put a foot wrong—why didn't the Johns-Macklin-Harrison trio emulate him?

Never mind, it was hugely enjoyable, a marvellous propaganda for football, and great fun for all concerned. Perhaps next time England will be there to guarantee closer personal involvement.

As dear old Joe Mercer, a male re-incarnation of Mrs. Malaprop would say: "If Tahiti, with a manager like Gazalo and players like Heystroem and Rijsbrink can reach the Finals, why shouldn't Coventry win the Fairs Cup?"

(Key: Tahiti—Haiti
Gazalo—Zagalo
Heystroem—Heyneker?
Edstroem?
Rijsbrink—Rensenbrink?
Rijsbergen?)

MUCH CHAT!

WORLD CUP TV

World Soccer view by PAUL PARISH

told, after a lengthy English soccer season.

ITV, on the other hand, elected to keep Brian Moore, their number one commentator and arguably the best on both channels, at the London end to chair their team of experts. It was the sort of 'team' selection that any panel worth its name would have severely criticised.

For three and a half weeks they talked, and talked, and talked. And at least Brian Moore's ability to feed better questions to his men kept ITV marginally ahead in the war of words. But while Jimmy Hill seemed too keen to assert his own personality as the BBC chairman (he was an ITV panellist in 1970) his channel did produce the best new individual of the World Cup. Frank McLintock, once he was allowed to get a word in, spoke with a quiet conviction that made him worth listening to.

Both sides sang the praises of Scotland loud and long with the more gimmicky ITV lads even going to the lengths of wearing tartan jackets for all Scotland appearances. With Scotland's relatively early demise the jackets didn't get worn out but the bad luck stories were getting a bit thin by the end of the tournament.

BBC's remarkable faceless fact-finder (an often irritating and meaningless innovation) came up with some statistical evidence against Brazil the night they played Scotland. At half time Jimmy Hill gave figures of free-kicks that labelled the South Americans as villains. Statistics produced by a World Soccer colleague showed that the BBC figures were exactly reversed and that Scotland, and not Brazil, had given away nearly twice as many free-kicks.

Of course, Brazil's fouls were of the cynical variety. Did you notice that cynical became *the* word of the World Cup. I'm not trying to whitewash the disappointing performances of the Brazilians but please let us be fair.

More and more I found myself turning on at kick-off time, making a cup of tea at half-time and generally trying to escape from the experts.

At least, the often hilarious mispronunciations for the players' names was excusable from the panels. The same cannot be said of commentators.

BBC seemed the better prepared in this department. Their rivals, meanwhile, struggled. It reached a state that one office wag would only refer to ITV's number one commentator as Hugh Jones. The inference that Huw Johns had considerable trouble with foreign names could scarcely be more pointed.

●Continued on page 19

Brian Glanville says...

Wingers still live!

WINGERS live. This, surely, was one of the most salient lessons of the 1974 World Cup. I must confess to a certain feeling of pleasure when I heard that Hennes Weisweiler, the manager of Borussia Munchengladbach, had criticised West Germany's Helmut Schoen because he hadn't used them. Not altogether fairly, I felt, having been present at the surprising match in Hamburg where the East Germans, with Sparwasser's breakaway goal, beat the West.

After all, there were in that team no fewer than two men quite capable of playing on the right wing, and an overlapping full-back, in Paul Breitner, well able to function on the left; the purveyor of some extremely dangerous balls to Gerd Muller. Moreover, even if it is true that Jurgen Grabowski plays for his club in midfield, and had a poor game against the DDR, it is equally true that he was an outside-right by vocation.

Who can easily forget the way he turned poor, exhausted Terry Cooper inside out in that World Cup quarter final in Leon, four years ago, to tip the match towards West Germany? Meanwhile, much of Uli Hoeness' best attacking work is done on the right wing, where he, too, began.

But the importance of wingers was abundantly shown, and it seems more ludicrous than ever that England should have elected virtually to play without them since 1966, when Sir Alf's Wingless Wonders won the World Cup. Slavishly and unimaginatively, club managers followed suit, natural wingers were discouraged, and the consequence is that we now have pathetically few of them.

Breach

Yet as we know, there are certain things a natural winger can do which no other player can; go outside the man, reach the by line, and pull the ball back. Not that one has always to be a winger to do it. Mike Channon said to me on the successful England summer tour that he knew he was capable of "hitting the line". Hitting it, moreover, on either flank. Unless you can do this, it is still terribly difficult to breach a packed defence; as England found against the Poles, at Wembley.

Poland themselves, as we know, have a wonderful pair of wingers; a pair who tore holes in the defences of the Argentinians, Haitians and Italians, on their way to the final stages. Lato and Gadocha are both superb, strong runners with excellent control, and a willingness to go straight for goal. Indeed, I honestly think that the loss of the great Lubanski was in some respect a blessing in disguise for the Poles.

When you have a player of such stature and accomplishment in your team, the natural tendency is to play to him. When Lubanski dropped out, Poland did not weaken. Indeed, it seems to me that two positive things happened. In the first place, the Poles were able to bring in Lato, which balanced the attack beautifully, giving it thrust down both flanks; not forgetting the fact that Lato, as he showed Hunter at Wembley, can flourish down the left, as well. Secondly, it allowed Deyna to blossom in midfield.

Karlsson and goalkeeper Hellstroem of Sweden cannot prevent Lato of Poland from scoring in their second round match. Poland won 1-0.

The brilliant Johan Cruyff scores for Holland against Brazil.

Rene Houseman was one of the most exciting wingers of the tournament. I am still marvelling at the ingeniousness of Ferruccio Valcareggi, the Italian team manager, when the sides met in Stuttgart. One sat there amazed to see Favio Capello, essentially a creative inside-forward, given the task of marking little Houseman.

This meant that the Italians lost on two distinct counts. They lost, that is to say, a fine inside-forward, and gained, if that is the word, an extremely indifferent full-back. And it took Valcareggi twenty-five minutes, a goal by Houseman, and a near miss by Babington when Zoff saved, to rectify his mistake.

Not that he truly rectified it, for if anything the rugged, ruthless Benetti had an even worse time against Houseman than Capello. Man to man marking is the Italian obsession. Had they marked zonally, Capello would not have been obliged to follow Houseman around like Mary's little lamb; nor would Benetti have been assigned to a task not really grateful to him. For Benetti is essentially an inside-forward who has been pressed into service as a half-back. To make him a virtual full-back was bound to be a dangerous experiment against that rare breed, a natural winger.

Assaults

Houseman, with courage, swerve, speed, footwork and initiative, turned Benetti over time and again, scoring the cruel assaults on his ankles. Moral: a natural winger needs to have a natural full-back against him. The bewildering thing is that Valcareggi afterwards said that he had not only had Houseman watched but had watched him, himself. In that case how on earth could he ever have mistaken him for a midfield player? He might almost as well have taken him for a centre-half.

Then there is, or was, the case of Jimmy Johnstone. Here, I believe that Scotland's excessive caution may have cost them their qualification. We all know that Johnstone is a law unto himself, undisciplined, if you please, on the field and sometimes off it. But he is also a player of undeniable genius, a player always capable of doing the unexpected, who can suddenly get you a goal when you need it most.

Even as hard shooting a forward as Peter Lorimer couldn't manage it against the Brazilians and the Yugoslavs. I also think Johnstone would have had a picnic against Zaire, perhaps helping Scotland to score the goals they needed, rather than go out in such a sad, unfair and anti-climatic way.

Note that the Yugoslav goal was made by a superb natural winger, Dragan Dzajic, and that the Scottish goal was made in a still more classical winger's way when Tommy Hutchinson brought the ball up to his man on the by-line, and splendidly beat him.

Talents

Brazil, alas for them, found that they were caught between two fires with Jairzinho. Play him on the right wing and there was no decent centre-forward. Play him in the middle and he simply didn't get adequate room to express his enormous talents; his pace, power and swerve.

Curiously, the East Germans dropped both their wingers, Lowe and Vogel, from the match against West Germany, and were none the worse for it. I shall not claim them to be the exception that proves the rule, but I think it legitimate to say that the West German defence, in its opening games, was incredibly open through the middle. Getting round the back of a more heavily manned and better organised defence might well have been another story.

It must also be admitted that the surprising Swedes owed little to orthodox wing play. Grahn, it is true, was once an excellent right winger, while Benno Magnusson played on the wing for Kaiserslautern, but the attack turned essentially on the excellence of Edstroem and Sandberg, those old "partners in crime" from Swedish club football. There was no Kurre Hamrin, no Nacka Skoglund, as in the famous Swedish World Cup team of 1958.

Holland had Rensenbrink, who can go to either wing with success, but was somewhat overshadowed by Cruyff; who plays on the left wing as well and as elusively as any left winger has ever done. But then Cruyff is surely a law to his remarkable self.

● Continued from page 17

Overall Barry Davies emerged as the best of the commentators. Mind you, he must have wished the ground would open up during his first match of the tournament when he said of the West Germans: "They're playing into Chilean hands." Alas for Barry a split second later Paul Breitner slammed in Germany's first goal.

Barry recovered well and more than atoned when during the Holland v. Argentina match he said: "You have the feeling the Dutch could score when they want to . . . like now." Johnny Rep had obliged at exactly the right moment.

When it came to on-the-spot informed opinion BBC also came out tops with Celtic's Jock Stein being an outstanding contributor. His pre-match analysis of the final was spot on.

Sir Alf Ramsey gave us an insight into his knowledge of overseas players which more than compensated for all those 'most certainly' and 'all credit' lines that punctuated his comments. And it must have been unsettling for Sir Alf, never at his best when facing the camera, to be interviewed by Gary Newbon, who didn't seem nearly strong enough on football to be given such an important job.

When it comes to presentation however, the West German Television service has much to learn from their British counterparts. The smart direction of BBC's Alec Weeks and John McConagle or ITV's Bob Gardam was something that was definitely missed.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

THE WOR
THE MO

THE elder statesmen of European football listened in awe, but with an air of disbelief, to an eloquent exposé on the rich commercial possibilities opened up by the World Cup finals in Mexico in 1970. The president of the Mexican F.A., Guillermo Canedo, himself a millionaire, was perhaps the first man to launch soccer's greatest festival into the world of free marketing with the aid of a colossal advertising campaign mainly through the mass media, notably on television.

For the first time the soccer World Cup became big business. Senor Canedo applied his typical Latin-American flair for commercial enterprise to the selling techniques he learned from his various North American business ventures. But to most Europeans such total involvement of commerce in a sporting event of world wide interest appeared, at the time, at once admirable and dangerous. Four years later, before the World Cup in West Germany, it was the Mexicans who looked like beginners in the art of financial exploitation.

Canedo's successor, Hermann Neuberger as chief of the German World Cup organising committee, was professionally a journalist, an advertising agent for a brewery and today is a director of a Pools (Lotto) Company from the Saarland. He has already overtaken the Mexicans who had scooped up an estimated £4 million. Neuberger's Organising Committee expect—as I write—to collect four times as much! The World Cup in West Germany had become a total business, a monumental undertaking with football in itself a selling "product" on a scale quite without precedence in sporting history.

And all this tax free, since Herr Neuberger cleverly succeeded in persuading the Federal Government—in face of stiff opposition I might add—to give up almost entirely the taxes they might have collected from the World Cup proceeds. The majority of the government, as well as Opposition, were convinced by Neuberger, that since the German Football Federation (DFB) have to support some 55,000 youth teams plus 45,000 amateur clubs, then they should be allowed to use up all these profits to help the running and the further development of the game in their country!

To embark on such a lucrative venture with the blessing of the State only added to the fun of making real money out of the World Cup. To this end even the smallest piece of paper has been used: beginning with the admission tickets! A company called Langnese, which manufactures ice cream, was allowed to advertise its wares on the back of every ticket—at a cost of over £83,000!

Black market

The tickets themselves, made counterfeit-proof more so than banknotes to the value of 1,000 D.Marks (£166), also became exclusive on the Black Market. A seat for the World Cup final was fetching, long before it was known who would be paired off, a cool £170! Its face value was a mere £13.

The gentlemen from the Organising Committee were not so much astounded at the additional price demanded, as by the fact that despite stringent precautions so many tickets had become available to the touts! Their existence was not the only source of wonderment. The business of the "Weltmeisterschaft" has opened taps from which money began to flow like a torrent and into many channels. For Herr Neuberger had personally authorised the total involvement with commercial interests.

Not surprisingly, the country's leading players have also recognised that here was a unique opportunity to cash in on their fame. The national team's captain Franz Beckenbauer has, according to reliable sources, demanded £4,000 from the Geographical Society of Stuttgart, when he discovered that they were going to use an action photo of him on the nine city maps relating to the World Cup venues! Stunned by this unexpectedly high cost of what they assumed to be a simple photograph the society hastily abandoned this idea . . .

A similar shock was in store for Neuberger himself, in his capacity as vice-president of the German F.A. Members of the national squad demanded £3,300 just for playing in the World Cup, plus a further £8,300 for winning the title! These were certainly much higher rewards than the DFB had paid before. For winning the European Championship, for instance, the bonus was £1,600 per man. For gaining third place in the Mexico World Cup each player pocketed £3,300.

But the era of modesty is apparently over. The players point out that the Football Federation will stuff its koffers handsomely, which may, or may not be true. Nevertheless, someone has worked out, that

A jubilant West German squad after their World Cup victory over Holland.

RLD CUP AND ONEY INVOLVED

the DFB could make as much as £1,66 million net out of the World Cup. Although the final figures will not be available for some time yet, the gross takings from the world series will be divided as follows: Receipts from admission charges at the 38 matches (rough estimate 2 million spectators) will be nearly £6 million. A further £3 million will come from the television and radio rights. A £166,000 fee will be paid for the exclusive licence to make an official film of the World Cup. Roughly £2 million should be collected from the copyright for the use of the symbolic characters Tip and Tap, plus the futuristic emblem of the World Cup, and nearly £1 million net gain from the specially organised "Glöckspirale" (lottery). In addition, something like £4 million can be expected from the multitude of boardings and other advertising placards inside the grounds. A firm of spirit merchants called "Jägermeister", for instance, has invested approximately £160,000, while the world famous "Martini" forked out a cool £830,000!

West German captain Franz Beckenbauer receives the World Cup trophy.

Receipts

Out of these receipts one must first of all deduct the organising costs. And they alone are estimated at £3,3 million. Next come the expenses, including those of the participating nations, which are also calculated at over £3 million. From the gross takings FIFA will get 10 per cent, the sixteen finalists will divide 65 per cent, worked out according to the number of matches played and the gate money taken, with the winners likely to collect some £500,000. The remaining 25 per cent goes to the German FA.

Of course, FIFA and the DFB's organising committee are in principle separate bodies, but they have worked hand in hand commercially so to speak. The World Cup symbols, which incidentally have appeared on some 250 products, will firstly cover the costs of organisation namely £3,3 million. But 25 per cent of these takings will be cashed by FIFA, whilst the Organising Committee will be allowed to keep some £1,66 million as their cut from the sale of tickets.

The official World Cup emblem has proved far more successful than its predecessor used at the Olympic Games in Munich two years ago. This is particularly evident in comparisons between the Olympic mascot "Waldi", the dachshund, and the World Cup's garden dwarves Tip and Tap. "Waldi" brought in about £660,000, whilst Tip and Tap have easily exceeded £1 million!

Those merchants who obtained a licence for using Tip and Tap paid between 1,5 per cent and 15 per cent for the privilege, but they all claim that these two lovable characters had boosted their turnover enormously. The shopkeepers have made a packet, just as have all branches of hotel, tourist and other associated industries, together with public and private transport, etc.

Most hoteliers, who expected some 100,000 guests, had insisted on payment for a whole month in advance to indemnify themselves against late cancellations! They were hoping to make up for the losses suffered during the Olympic Games. In Munich all hotels were fully booked in the week preceding the World Cup final.

But the main attention was naturally focused on the big pay day which the German soccer stars have set up for themselves. After long and tough bargaining between the DFB and a deputation of players led by captain Franz Beckenbauer, every member of the squad of 22 could look forward to £17,400 after winning the world trophy. This included a win bonus of £10,000, a fee of £833 per match (seven games netting £5,800), plus ex-gratia payment for using the "Adidas" boots and other equipment, amounting to £1,600 per head.

In addition, most of the big names were making a separate pile from their various promotions, sponsorships and other commercial ventures organised by astute advertising agents and other specialists in the art of exploiting soccer fame. "If we win the World Cup, then we shall clean up for the future," claimed Uli Hoeness, who incidentally just two years ago was an amateur and played for his country in the Olympic tournament in Munich!

Beckenbauer, Müller and Netzer were raking in cash from the sale of T-shirts with their image: Beckenbauer and Netzer appear on colourful posters and puzzle games; Beckenbauer can be seen on the TV screen drinking "Vitamalz" and together with Maier and Müller he also advertises for a sweets manufacturers Haribo. And Franz has also renewed his lucrative contract with the biggest German petrol company Aral. Breitner and Hoeness have written a book together, whilst Netzer cashes in from exclusive contributions to yet another World Cup book.

Bayern Munich's shrewd manager, the club's technical director, Robert Schwan, has sold the advertising rights for the entire national squad to a specialist English agency. Schwan estimates that the German players will collect about £500,000 between them. But the leading stars like Beckenbauer, Netzer and Müller stood to clean up £80,000 each! And finally German coaches (Weisweiler, Lattek) and retired internationals (Seeler, Walter, Haller, Schulz and Schnellinger) have also jumped on the bandwaggon by selling their opinions and tactical advice in ghosted newspaper articles and are said to have made a packet in the general scramble for the voices of the experts.

And they say that football is just a simple game, in which 22 grown men chase after a silly little leather ball!

World Cup

ARGENTINA (19)

	Poland 2-3 Heredia Babington	Italy 1-1 Houseman	Haiti 4-1 Yazalde 2 Houseman Ayala	Holland 0-4	Brazil 1-2 Brindisi	E. Germany 1-1 Houseman
CARNEVALI	1	1	1	1	1	
WOLFF	20	20*	20	20*		20
BARGAS	5*				5	5
PERFUMO	14	14	14	14		
SA	16	16	16	16	16*	
TELCH	18s	18	18	18		18
BABINGTON	3	3	3		3	3
BRINDISI	6**		6ss		6	6
HOUSEMAN	11ss	11	11**	11**	11ss	11
KEMPES	13	13	13*	13ss	13**	13
AYALA	2	2	2	2	2	2
BALBUENA	4		4s	4	4	
GLARIA		9s		9s	9	
HEREDIA	10	10	10	10	10	10
YAZALDE		22**	22	22		
CHAZARRETA		8ss				
SQUEO				17	17	
CARRASCOSA					7s	7
FILLOL						12

YUGOSLAVIA (18)

	Brazil 0-0	Zaire 9-0 Bajevic 3 Dzajic, Surjak Katalinski, Oblak Bogicevic, Petkovic	Scotland 1-1 Karasi	W. Germany 0-2	Poland 1-2 Karasi	Sweden 1-2 Surjak
MARIC	1	1	1	1	1	1
BULJAN	2	2	2	2	2	2
KATALINSKI	5	5	5	5	5	5
BOGICEVIC	6	6	6		6	6
HADZIABDIC	3	3	3	3	3	3
MUZINIC	4			4		
OBLAK	8	8	8	8*	8*	
ACIMOVIC	10	10	10	10	10	10
PETKOVIC	7	7	7	7ss	7**	
SURJAK	9	9	9	9	9	9
DZAJIC	11	11	11	11**		11
BAJEVIC		19	19*		19	
KARASI			18s	18	18	18ss
JERKOVIC				12s	12s	12
POPIVODA				17		
VLADIMIR PETROVIC					20ss	20**
PAVLOVIC						13*
PERUZOVIC						14s

SCOTLAND (14)

	Zaire 2-0 Lorimer Jordan	Brazil 0-0	Yugoslavia 1-1 Jordan
HARVEY	1	1	1
JARDINE	2	2	2
McGRAIN	3	3	3
BREMNER	4	4	4
HOLTON	5	5	5
BLACKLEY	6		
DALGLISH	8*	8	8*
HUTCHISON	18s		18s
HAY	10	10	10
LORIMER	11	11	11
JORDAN	9	9	9
LAW	19		
BUCHAN		14	14
MORGAN		20	20

KEY

*player substituted

s—player used as substitute

**second player substituted

ss—second played used as substitute

Numbers listed are those worn by the individual players throughout the World Cup final competition.

Goalscorers are given under the result of the match played.

appearances

W. GERMANY (18)	Chile 1-0 Breitner	Australia 3-0 Overath Cullmann Muller	E. Germany 0-1	Yugoslavia 2-0 Breitner Muller	Sweden 4-2 Overath Bonhof Grabowski Hoeness (pen)	Poland 1-0 Muller	Holland 2-1 Breitner (pen) Muller
MAIER	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
VOGTS	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
BREITNER	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
SCHWARZENBECK	4	4	4*	4	4	4	4
BECKENBAUER	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
CULLMANN	8	8*	8				
GRABOWSKI	9	9	9		9ss	9	9
HOENESS	14	14	14	14s	14	14	14
MULLER	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
OVERATH	12*	12	12**	12	12	12	12
HOLZENBEIN	17s	17ss		17**	17*	17	17
HEYNCKES	11	11**					
WIMMER		7s		7*			
HOTTGES			6s				
NETZER			10ss				
FLOHE			15	15ss	15s		
BONHOF				16	16	16	16
HERZOG				18	18**		

HOLLAND (15)	Uruguay 2-0 Rep 2	Sweden 0-0	Bulgaria 4-1 Neeskens 2 (pens) Rep De Jong	Argentina 4-0 Cruyff 2 Krol Rep	E. Germany 2-0 Neeskens Rensenbrink	Brazil 2-0 Neeskens Cruyff	W. Germany 1-2 Neeskens (pen)
JONGBLOED	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
SUURBIER	20	20	20	20*	20	20	20
KROL	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
HAAN	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
RIJSBERGEN	17	17	17	17	17	17	17*
JANSEN	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
REP	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
NEESKENS	13	13	13*	13	13	13*	13
CRUYFF	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
VAN HANEGEM	3	3*	3**	3	3	3	3
RENSENBRINK	15		15	15	15	15**	15**
DE JONG		7s	7s			7ss	7s
KEIZER		9					
ISRAEL			5ss	5s		5s	
RENE VAN DER KERKHOF							10ss

POLAND (16)	Argentina 3-2 Lato 2 Szarmach	Haiti 7-0 Lato 2, Deyna Szarmach 3 Gorgon	Italy 2-1 Szarmach Deyna	Sweden 1-0 Lato	Yugoslavia 2-1 Deyna (pen) Lato	W. Germany 0-1	Brazil 1-0 Lato
TOMASZEWSKI	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
SZYMANOWSKI	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
MUSIAL	10	10*	10		10	10	10
KASPERCZAK	13	13	13	13	13	13*	13*
GORGON	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
ZMUDA	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
DEYNA	12	12	12	12	12*	12	12
MASZCZYK	14	14**	14	14	14	14**	14
LATO	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
SZARMACH	17*	17	17*	17*	17**		17**
GADOCHA	18**	18	18	18	18	18	18
DOMARSKI	19s				19s	19	
CMIKIEWICZ	11ss	11ss	11ss		11ss	11ss	11ss
GUT		5s		5			
KMIECIK				21s		21ss	
KAPKA							20ss

WORLD CUP '74
Eric Batty puts his viewpoint

No festival, more a bore as money takes over from sport!

THE most important conclusion I have drawn from watching the 1974 World Cup is that as a sporting *spectacle* the competition is dead. It will go on, of course, with or without my approval, for FIFA makes too much money from it to do otherwise. But we who have no vested interest, who merely stand and watch, will have been disillusioned by what passed for football in June and July.

In my case the standard was set more than 20 years ago by the Hungarian national team and by the World Cup competitions of 1954 and 1958. With this in mind and exempting only Poland and (in very brief flashes) Holland the 1974 World Cup takes its place in history as rubbish.

In his opening speech Sir Stanley Rous referred to "this festival of football" . . . which, of course, the World Cup should be. But tragically it was no festival for me but more a bore. After two days and two matches—Brazil v Yugoslavia and Scotland v Zaire—I wanted to go home. To my everlasting regret I stayed, to become more and more disenchanted with it all as the days went by.

Direction

Watching games in the flesh is inestimably preferable to watching on television, though from what I did manage to see of TV it is clear that technically, in camera work, direction etc. the West Germans lag far behind both channels in Britain. But what struck me very forcibly was the limits to what I could see by being on the spot. People watching at home could apparently see three games a day in some countries but those actually in Germany were too often travelling and were able to see little more than the "live" game they had chosen.

Compared with Mexico, the 1974 series was a flop, but let me confess, not really a surprise. I expected more or less what we got.

The biggest surprises to me were the failure of Italy and Uruguay. Italy we knew had an ageing side but on their record of the previous 18 months their failure to get past the first stage was a surprise comparable with their failure in 1966. Uruguay were even worse with only goalkeeper Ladislao Mazurkiewiecz living up to his past performances. Against Holland, Mazurkiewiecz was almost on his own.

Uruguay's Pedro Rocha was not even the shadow of the player he had been in previous competitions while much of Italy's failure must rest on the shoulders of Gianni Rivera and Luigi Riva. Clearly this was a competition in which many big names lost their lustre.

Brazil were the biggest disappointment of all but, having seen them on their 1973 European tour, the poverty of their attack or their overall approach was no surprise to me. Seeing what they had to offer in attack in 1973, manager Zagalo played his team the only way he could against European opposition in Europe. Criticism of him is only valid if one has certain knowledge that he had at his disposal, attacking players of real quality and chose not to include them in his squad.

Rivelino was only half the player he had been four years earlier while Luis Pereira, clearly star quality in 1973, lived up to his promise. But Pereira was obviously playing to orders and not venturing forward until the Brazilian's last big test against Holland and then having to go looking for goals. Pereira played magnificently.

It was a tragedy and not a little unjust that he should have been sent off in that game.

Officials

However, some of the refereeing had to be seen to be believed. FIFA, in its attempt to prove itself a truly international, democratic body, fell over backwards and went too far in selecting the officials. Too many of them were from countries in which football is still undeveloped and the inexperience of many officials was embarrassing to see.

Even some of the better known officials proved totally inadequate when appointed as linesmen. Clearly they were "refereeing" from the sideline instead of watching for things like offside and foul play outside the immediate vicinity of the ball.

Italy, Uruguay and Brazil have won seven of the ten World Cups staged to date and with all three failing to live up to their past glories it was left to Poland and Holland, whose previous World Cup experience had been minimal, to attract most attention.

In this category of teams that played better than I had expected we must also include Australia and Argentina. About Australia let me say only that they were in every sense better than I had expected with one or two players showing real skill. Argentina had by all accounts one of the best players in the tournament in Babington. Unfortunately for me I only saw them "live" on one occasion and that was the game against Holland, from which he was suspended.

Ayala and Heredia were also good players but it was the overall behaviour of the Argentinians that impressed. Clearly they were acting under orders not to do anything to prejudice anyone that might have sufficient influence to order the 1978 competition to be staged other than in Argentina but they did prove, one and for all, that they can behave . . . when they want to.

Holland managed to surprise many people, not least the Dutch fans themselves, for only a matter of days before the World Cup started public opinion in Holland had reached rock-bottom. The Dutch players were dissatisfied over money, threatened at one stage not to go to Germany and decided to go only after their final training session in Holland, three days before the opening. But all their games in the competition—bar the final for which tickets were simply unavailable—were played in a Dutch atmosphere in front of around 30,000 to 40,000 Dutch fans.

Certainly Holland played *some* good football with Jansen, Van Hanegem, Rep, Cruyff and Neeskens all doing good things. But they were never really convincing.

Australia's World Cup squad. Back row left to right: Rasic (Manager), Buljevic, Watkiss, Wilson, Alston, Tolson, Campbell, Scheinflug (Assistant coach). Middle row: Williams, Baartz, Utjesenovic, Abonyi, Richards, Soaefer. Front row: Rooney, Mackay, Milisavljevic, Fraser, Curren, Warren.

always content to let the opposition push the game along while they played "keep-ball".

I saw Holland play "live" four times and in each game they looked for (and got) an early goal. Cruyff then dropped back acting as a cross between a traffic policeman and a liaison man between attack and defence and only rarely contributed any of his wide range of skills after the opening minutes.

This may not have shown up on television, except perhaps in the final. This criticism of Cruyff and Co. was made to many people before the final but the general opinion was that this was the hallmark of a truly great side—able to score an early goal and then do only what was necessary to win. It was a theory that was shattered in the final.

Poland were the one side that stood out in a tournament which was mediocre in my opinion. Though it must be conceded that their third place match with Brazil was a poor game, justice was done to the extent that Poland took third place but they went desperately close to doing even better.

This was the all action team that deserved to do well. Unlike Holland, who were content to play keep-ball when they were winning, Poland went looking for goals every time they got possession.

One cannot ask for more than that—and it was in direct contrast to many of the other 16 finalists. Only the foolish spectators think it possible for a team to attack all the time for there are always 11 men in different coloured shirts that are on the field with them.

When the enemy has the ball it is common sense to mark their forwards and drop back and if the opposition has an inspired spell it may be that a good team is forced to soak up pressure for lengthy periods. But their attitude to the game becomes apparent when they regain possession of the ball. Do they hit a hopeful long pass to a lone forward hoping he will score? Or do they play the ball forward and commit five, six or seven men to attack on favourable occasions?

Poland had the balance just right with three of the tournaments outstanding players in Lato, Gadocha and Deyna. Lato is a simple striker but a very effective one—the prototype of the modern winner . . . out wide when an attack builds on his flank, ready to break away and cut in if he gets the chance, then shooting himself or laying on a pass for a colleague to shoot—and when play develops down the left flank, Lato goes inside to become another centre forward.

Gadocha is much more gifted in terms of skill and is a very different type of winger. Dropping back to work in midfield, he attacks on either wing, helps to set up attacks from midfield and almost as a variation, also makes runs down the left wing in which he shows a gift for dribbling himself into dangerous positions.

Exposed

Deyna has matured a lot since the Olympic Games. As a midfield general his skill was never in doubt but against both Wales and England in the away qualifying matches he was exposed as being short on courage or determination. In the World Cup proper, Deyna seemed to come of age, learning at last that in the game as it is played today the individual has to fight for the right to express his skill . . . and he did so.

In addition to this trio, the Poles left behind the unfit Wlodzimierz Lubanski who when I saw him previously was the best of all. But to some extent at least, his absence was covered by an excellent hardworking performance by Szarmach. He plays for Gornik too, discovered and signed by them from a Second Division club in 1972.

Poland's downfall was I suspect the result of accumulated injuries and sheer bad luck. Both Deyna and Szarmach were half fit at best for the critical game against West Germany and on balance the German's were lucky to win. A friend of mine was fortunate enough to see Sepp Herberger, the "father" of German football and manager of their 1954 World Cup winning team, right after the game against Poland and he said "Poland deserved to win 1-0."

That was my view, too, and had it not been for two strokes of bad luck I believe they would. First, in the downpour that preceded the game it was Poland's right wing that was worst affected and it was Lato's pace that was their biggest weapon in attack. With the ball refusing to travel on the surface water, Lato's speed and Deyna's ability to launch him with precise passes was totally lost.

On the balance of play Poland were the better side but West German goalkeeper Sepp Maier chose this particular day to play remarkably well while I had previously reckoned Maier a second rate player (and still do). However, though it may be difficult to justify one's claim that a team that failed to score should have won, Poland were certainly very unlucky to lose.

So to the final and a game which if not actually boring, certainly never produced anything that the show-piece occasion should have. Like the vast majority of English Cup Finals it was a let down with a mediocre West German team winning the World Cup, much as England did in 1966.

On balance the standard of play was comparable to that of 1966 which means a step back for world football after an improvement in Mexico. The West Germans can count themselves very fortunate winners, for like England eight years ago, I doubt if they would have been successful anywhere else in the world except on West German soil.

Their performance was no great advertisement for the game either. Overath is no Netzer, Bonhof was the most inventive player in midfield and only left back Breitner lived up to his 1972 reputation. Muller looked well past his best, Beckenbauer still has great gifts but like Cruyff he chose not to display them and overall he was a let down.

The game is killing itself, but the World Cup won't die because television has a vested interest and it is a big business. Money and nationalism are the twin reasons why it will go on but I fear the football will continue to be second rate.

EUROPEA

compiled by

Goals Per Game	Country	Matches	League Winners	Points	Most Wins	Fewest De
2.70	Austria	32	VOeEST Linz	47	Sw. Innsbruck 19	VOeEST
2.77	Belgium	30	Anderlecht	41	Anderlecht 17	RWD Mol 4
2.63	Bulgaria	30	Levski Spartak	47	Levski 21	CSKA Sof
2.74	Czechoslovakia	30	Slovan Bratislava	37	Slavia Prague 16	Slovan 8
2.39	England	42	Leeds United	62	Leeds United 24	Leeds Uni
3.02	France	38	St. Etienne	66	St. Etienne 23	St. Etienne
2.93	East Germany	26	Magdeburg	39	Magdeburg Carl Zeiss Jena 16	Magdebur
3.54	West Germany	34	Bayern Munich	49	Bor. Moenchen-gladbach 21	Bayern 5
2.47	Greece	34	Olympiakos Piraeus	59	Olympiakos 26	Olympiak
2.53	Hungary	30	Ujpest Dozsa	42	Ujpest 18	Ujpest Ferencvar
2.07	Italy	30	Lazio	43	Lazio 18	Lazio Juventus 5
3.50	Luxembourg	22	Jeunesse D'Esch	38	Jeunesse 18	Jeunesse 2
2.96	Netherlands	34	Feyenoord	56	Feyenoord 25	Feyenoord FC Twente
	Poland	30	Ruch Chorzow	(Championship not completed a		
2.87	Portugal	30	Sporting Lisbon	49	Sporting 23	Sporting, E Setubal 4
2.48	Rumania	34	Uni. Craiova	45	Uni. Craiova 20	Dinamo Buchares
2.84	Scotland	34	Celtic	53	Celtic 23	Celtic 4
2.32	Spain	34	Barcelona	50	Barcelona 21	Barcelona 5
3.01	Switzerland	26	Zurich	45	Zurich 20	Zurich 1
2.28	USSR	30	Ararat Erevan	39	Ararat 18	Ararat 9
2.27	Yugoslavia	34	Hajduk Split	45	Velez Mostar, Red Star Belgrade 19	Hajduk 7

N CHART

JACK ROLLIN

efets	Best Attack	Best Defence	Top Scorer	Cup Final Result
Lie 3	Rapid 74	Sw. Innsbruck 21	Krankl (Rapid) 36	Austria/WAC 2:1 Austria Salzburg 1:1
eneek	Anderlecht 72	RWD Molenbeek 25	Ladinsky (Anderlecht) 22	Waregem 4 Tongeren 1
ia	Levski 58	CSKA 27	Petkov (Beroe) 20	Not played at press time
	Slovan 56	Spartak Trnava 31	Bicovsky (Union Teplice) 17	Slovan 0:1 Slavia 1:0 (Slovan won 4-3 on penalties)
te 4	Ipswich Town 67	Leeds United, Liverpool 31	Channon 21 (Southampton)	Liverpool 3 Newcastle United 0
e (	Angers 77	Nimes 37	Bianchi (Reims) 30	St. Etienne 2 Monaco 1
g	Carl Zeiss Jena, Dynamo Dresden 55	Carl Zeiss 26	Matoul (Loc. Leipzig) 20	Carl Zeiss 3 Dynamo Dresden 1
	Bayern 95	Fortuna Dusseldorf 47	Muller (Bayern) Heynckes (B. Moen) 30	Not played at press time
osl	Olympiakos 102	Olympiakos 14	Antoniadis (Panathinaikos) 26	PAOK Salonika 2 Olympiakos Piraeus 2 (PAOK won 4-3 on penalties)
osb	Ujpest 75	Pecs 26	Kozma (Honved) 27	Ferencvaros 3 Komlo 1
	Juventus 50	Lazio 23	Chinaglia (Lazio) 22	Bologna 1 Palermo 1 (Bologna won 4-3 on penalties)
	Jeunesse 54	Jeunesse 18	Devilett (Spora) 23	Jeunesse 4 Avenir Beggen 1
3	Feyenoord, PSV 96	FC Twente 27	Van Der Kuylen (PSV) 27	PSV Eindhoven 6 NAC Breda 0
attime	of going to press)			
Benfica	Sporting 96	Sporting Setubal 21	Yazalde (Sporting) 46	Sporting 2 Benfica 1
t 8	Uni. Craiova 63	Steagul Rosu 25	Adam (CFR Cluj) 21	Jiul Petroseni 4 Politehnica Timisoara 2
	Celtic 82	Aberdeen 26	Deans (Celtic) 24	Celtic 3 Dundee United 0
5	Barcelona 75	Barcelona 24	Marcial (Barcelona) 18	Real Madrid 4 Barcelona 0
	Zurich 67	Zurich 20	Jeandupeux (Zurich) 22	Sion 3 Neuchatel Xamax 2
	Ararat 52	Dynamo Kiev 23, Dynamo Tbilisi 23	Blokhin (Kiev) 18	Ararat 2 Dynamo Kiev 1
	Red Star 72	Hajduk 26		

WORLD CUP DIARY... WORLD C

Muller breaks

Hungary, Colom

ONE of the few West German players to improve on below par performances in the recent World Cup was centre forward Gerd Muller. Though tightly marked in all his matches, he managed to score four vital goals including the winner in the final against Holland.

Muller thus went into the record books by aggregating 14 goals in two World Cup finals. He hit 10 in 1970 and four this time round. This beats the 13 scored by the Frenchman Just Fontaine all in the 1958 World Cup finals.

And it took Muller's total to 68 goals in only 62 internationals.

If he carries out his threat to retire, the game will lose one of the most accurate marksmen in the history of the game.

* * *

The lack of knowledge by the media on the World Cup meant no full way to explain the remarkable performance of the Dutch centre backs Arie Haan and Wim Rijsbergen in the World Cup.

These two had not played a full match together in these positions before the opening World Cup game with Uruguay. Rijsbergen had had only one previous international at full level at all—and that as a substitute! Haan had been used in midfield and attack only, apart from an emergency in defence.

And behind these two 33 year old goalkeeper Jan Jongbloed had played just twice before—and one of these appearances had been as substitute in a match in 1962!

* * *

Poland's march towards being named as Eastern Europe's top side started with the 1972 Olympic Games title. Now they have finished in third place in the World Cup with a side still young enough to improve and lacking their best known player Wlodzimierz Lubanski who is apparently now lost to the game through injury.

Poland also provided the top scorer in the competition in Grzegorz Lato who hit seven goals. And Andrezj Szarmach, despite fading in the last few matches, was able to make his mark in the scoring stakes, too, with five goals.

How much of Poland's falling away in later games was due to the reported relaxation in training which allowed—or did not allow—late night returns to bed, is not known, but perhaps they could well have done even better.

* * *

Italy's unbeaten run which had gone back to 1972 and a defeat in the European Championship by Belgium was ended in the World Cup and added to their troubles.

Oddly enough the one player to emerge from their matches with his reputation intact was goalkeeper Dino Zoff who certainly prevented twice as many goals being scored against him than were in fact registered. And after a run of well over 1000 minutes without conceding a goal this was quite a performance.

* * *

If Scotland have contented themselves with the thought that they are unlucky having retired undefeated from the World Cup, then they should ponder on the plight of less fortunate than themselves.

Hungary did not lose one of their six World Cup qualifying matches and Colombia played four matches without losing, too, but neither reached the finals.

But poor Belgium had a rougher time still. They were unbeaten and did not have a goal scored against them—and this included holding Holland the eventual beaten finalists to two scoreless draws. So perhaps Scotland have nothing to complain about at all.

* * *

East Germany's most impressive performance was their 1-0 victory against West Germany. It was almost as if they had saved everything up for it beforehand, tried so hard in this match and had nothing to give afterwards.

The only previous time they had played the West Germans had been in the 1972 Olympics when with the nucleus of their World Cup team they beat their neighbours 3-2. Then the West Germans had fielded an amateur side.

* * *

Bulgaria failed for the fourth successive time to win a World Cup match in a final series. Their most impressive player was undoubtedly Christo Bonev who had been

Johan Neeskens drives his penalty hard and straight, but Sepp Maier is beaten diving to his right. This goal put Holland ahead in the World Cup Final.

UP DIARY... WORLD CUP DIARY...

record... raw Dutch...

mbia, Belgium unbeaten

their leading scorer in the World Cup qualifying matches as well as the midfield general and captain.

The Bulgarians scored only two goals—appropriately enough one from Bonev and the other, typically was an own goal!

* * *

Chile did just manage to finish ahead of Australia in their group match but it was touch and go when they met each other in torrential rain. There was a hold up at half-time while everyone waited for the downpour to ease and then a minute and a half into the second half there was an invasion of the pitch by Chilean patriots demonstrating against the new regime in Santiago.

At that moment there were certainly more people on the pitch than in the stands, because only a handful of those who bought tickets bothered to turn up in the rain.

The players slid around in the puddles and then Ray Richards was sent off after being booked twice and getting the red card only after a linesman pointed the fact out to the referee!

* * *

The Aussies were beaten but not disgraced. They did not manage to get a goal, however, and any failures in their side were certainly in attack where the much vaunted Adrian Alston failed to live up to his publicity.

But Alston could take comfort from the fact that more exalted players with more illustrious teams did the same.

However one of the most consistent players in the side was German born milkman, Manfred Schaefer at centre back who did much to keep the scoreline down in the games against the two German teams.

* * *

Right back Mwepu of Zaire deserves a special mention for the most enterprising piece of World Cup play in the match with Brazil. Frustrated and bewildered by the length of time his opponents were taking over a free-kick, he rushed out of the wall and booted the ball upfield!

It was one of the few light-hearted moments for the poor Africans who suffered the indignity of having a player sent off in the game with Yugoslavia as well.

And after that Yugoslavian defeat there was a rumour that both goalkeepers used in this game Kazadi and Tubilandu tried to throw themselves under the team coach—but collided in mid air over it!

* * *

Uruguay's ageing unfit team drifted out of the World Cup in inglorious fashion. Many of their stars of 1970 looked pale shadows of their former selves—except for Luis Cubilla who had put on so much weight that he could hardly run.

Yugoslavia goalkeeper Maric punches clear from Joe Jordan of Scotland.

Only goalkeeper Ladislao Mazurkiewicz looked anything like his former self displaying the form which had once earned him the title of the best goalkeeper in South America.

Julio Montero Castillo had a particularly unhappy time of it, getting his marching orders with almost his first "kick" of the match with Holland.

* * *

Emmanuel Sanon the Haiti striker said before the game that he would score against Zoff and end the Italian goalkeeper's run of unbeaten success. Well he did it. And he also scored in another match for his country.

Sanon celebrated his birthday on June 25 and looked a lively striker in the team. He with his colleague Wilfrid Louis came from the club with the longest name of any of the contestants—Don Bosco de Pentionville which beats Borussia Moenchengladbach by a short head only if you count the accent on word Mönchengladbach!

* * *

Argentina were let down by defensive errors. In midfield with Carlos Babington excelling and enough penetration in flashes up front from Ruben Ayala and Rene Housemann to get them goals, they did enough. But at the back it was a different story.

They were all on their best behaviour and ensured that the 1978 World Cup would go to them after all.

And they will be a difficult proposition at home—particularly if they can find a goalkeeper who can be relied upon . . .

No Cruyff or Neeske

ALMOST anyone choosing a World XI before the start of the World Cup would certainly have given serious consideration to at least half of the Italian team. Such is the nature of man, however, that after their failure none of the "selected" teams I've seen, put together by those who work for the various international newspapers, have included even one player from Italy.

As always, it is the teams that go furthest in the competition that take the eye of the masses — and though I don't consciously do it deliberately — I usually find that my views don't tally with the majority.

To me, one Italian stood out head and shoulders above his colleagues and strangely, he himself expected to be used as a substitute for Gianni Rivera, as he was in the Mexico series. I refer of course to Sandro Mazzola who was the one Italian in my eyes to live up to his reputation.

Though he only played in the first stage he did enough to show that he is still an outstanding player with a degree of class and craft that is far above the general level. Mazzola goes in my team.

Choice

There are two other positions in which my views clash head-on with the widely held opinions of those asked to name the best team — goalkeeper and centre forward.

Ronnie Hellstrom of Sweden was the most common choice, followed by West Germany's Sepp Maier. Hellstrom did play very well and his performances were one of the major factors in Sweden progressing as far as they did. Certainly he saved Sweden's goal on many occasions with spectacular interventions.

Maier is a different type of goalkeeper altogether and one that has consistently failed to impress me. Indeed, it has been a feature of the game in West Germany that they have been unable to produce a really top level goalkeeper in the last twenty years.

Courage and a willingness to accept physical contact as part of the game and ignore it, is the essential factor on which the art of goalkeeping hinges. This is most pronounced in the way in which a goalkeeper deals with the high cross, and in the World Cup the vast majority were happy to go out and either fist or palm away the ball.

True Maier put on the two best performances that I have seen from him (against Poland and Holland) and Hellstrom was spectacularly efficient but when one comes down to basics I saw no one in the competition to equal Scotland's David Harvey.

Limelight

The majority view with regard to centre forward is perhaps inevitable. Johann Cruyff attracts the limelight wherever he goes and beyond question the man has an unusual degree of outstanding ability. Phenomenal might be a better word for Cruyff's skills and acceleration but I look for more than the eye catching jink past an opponent or an impeccably laid pass.

Though it might seem unfair to Cruyff and his admirers I expect players to work consistently and stay in the game for 90 minutes. It is here that Cruyff fails — as he did for Ajax in his last European Cup Final against Juventus, as he did twice in the World Cup qualifying matches against Belgium and he so obviously did in the final against West Germany.

Character

In the most important match of the competition, Cruyff let his colleagues and his country down atrociously. Don't ask me why because I couldn't even guess, except to suggest that it is something in his make-up — a question of character. At all events, if I were manager of the Dutch team, after seeing his display against West Germany I wouldn't even let him play again for Holland, let alone consider him for a World Cup best XI.

This leaves a problem for if the best central spearheads I saw included some others widely nominated — Ralf Edstrom, Andrzej Szarmach, etc., none of them really satisfied me. Pietro Anastasi looked useful at times but most of the centre forwards I expected to do well like Joachim Streich (East Germany) and Dusan Bajevic (Yugoslavia) were inconsistent.

With reservations, I go for Gerd Muller, partly because he did get a couple of vital goals for West Germany but mostly for his honesty. It is clear that he has had enough of being "Der Bomber" which means being marked by two men every time he plays now and doubtless leaving the field at the end of each match with the entire rear part of his antomy covered in cuts and bruises.

Wingers

As I understand it he has already said that he will play once more for West Germany, against Switzerland in the autumn, and then give up international football. He has my sympathy, just as he previously had my admiration but in desperation now, I take him as the best of a poor lot.

Now to a more pleasant aspect of this task, choosing wingers. In this field two men stand out to me as obvious choices. I have written about them at length elsewhere in this issue so will content myself here to naming them only underlining the fact that in my opinion they were far and away outstanding and this all the more remarkable because they both played for the same team . . . Grzegorz Lato on the right and Robert Gadocha on the left.

Midfield threw up more contestants in my view than any other aspect of the game. I would give a very honourable mention to Chile's Carlos Reinoso and add that if it were up to me I would play Franz Beckenbauer in an up and down role on the right flank in midfield. He is too gifted a player to be wasted at the back.

However, my choice falls on Sandro Mazola, Kazimierz Deyna who had all the qualities before this competition but looked to me as if he was unhappy when the boots

ens

Harvey (Scotland)

Garcia (Chile) Luis Pereira (Brazil) Beckenbauer (West Germany) Breitner (West Germany)

Mazzola (Italy) Deyna (Poland) Acimovic (Yugoslavia)

Lato (Poland) Muller (West Germany) Gadocha (Poland)

Eric Batty names his World XI

started to fly. Again this is quite understandable, but during the World Cup he seemed to mature and reproduce his skill regardless of the hatchet-men.

To go alongside this pair I take Jovan Acimovic, a very gifted all-rounder of tremendous skill and one of the few Yugoslavs to give 100% in every game. I also considered Branko Oblak who had one outstanding match for Yugoslavia but compensated for that with a stinker in another game and was finally left out of the side.

This leaves only the back four and though each of my central defenders is of the "free-back" type I make no apology for not including a marker who by nature is expected to stand up and fight. I prefer my football in the skilled and cultured groove and if it wouldn't work in practical terms I still insist on naming Luis Pereira of Brazil and Franz Beckenbauer.

Upfield

Both these players were clearly playing to orders by refraining from making the runs upfield that have made them outstanding but even having to stand back and cover it still couldn't hide their inherent abilities. Beckenbauer had few excuses to go forward because his side were seldom behind but Pereira turned in a magnificent performance against Holland as well as displaying all his defensive qualities in other matches.

At left back Paul Breitner stands out and is an automatic choice for me. His partner Berti Vogts is also a very skilful player going forward but unhappily he seemed to be chosen as a "Marker" in almost every game with strict orders to play defensively and thus his true ability only showed up in very rare patches.

But Breitner was very often the spare man which gave him every chance to go forward and even when, as in the final, he had a winger to mark, he still broke out at every opportunity — and I suspect he was by so doing going against the orders of his boss.

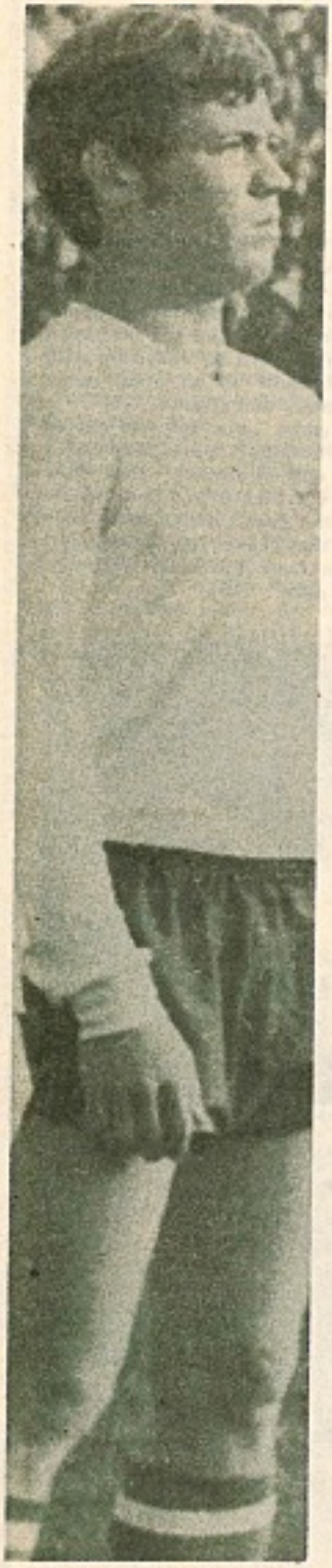
Breitner had a big hand in the second German goal that proved to be the winner and if a manager can give a player a rocket for disobeying orders if things go badly for him, there's nothing one can do when someone acts on his own initiative and his action helps to bring a goal. All the boss can do is say . . . "well done!"

If Vogts had been "allowed" to play he would have figured prominently in my list of candidates for right back but as things were the man who impressed me most in this position was Chile's Rolando Garcia. This may seem an odd choice to anyone who didn't see Chile v DDR. Throughout this game Garcia showed a great deal of skill and composure, even under pressure in his own penalty and twice inside the six yard box. Then when Chile found themselves a goal down and got the green light to go forward he linked up with Reinoso to show all his great range of chips, flicks and touches.

In this game, once they set out to attack Chile looked more than useful and left me wondering what they might have achieved had their whole approach not been dominated by fear and had they gone for a balanced game right from the start. Certainly Chile can play.

Berti Vogts of West Germany in action against Robert Gadocha of Poland.

Dumitrache's image is tarnished



Floren Dumitrache of Rumania.

by JACK ROLLIN

THE one-time golden image of Florea Dumitrache, the Rumanian centre forward, was somewhat tarnished last season when he was sent off. Dumitrache had always prided himself on his self control and discipline, but it appeared that too many opponents had taken advantage of his reputation with inevitable consequences.

But players of greater ability and just as equal temperaments have suffered similarly in the past and overcome the disappointment. Still Dumitrache who was mainly instrumental in getting Rumania to the 1970 World Cup finals in Mexico bears a heavy responsibility for producing the type of football up front which will continue to put his country into the international limelight.

It was a big disappointment for Dumitrache that Rumania failed to get to the final stages of the 1974 World Cup. He had hoped that the environment of Europe would prove more beneficial to the team than the stranger shores of Mexico, but it was not to be.

Couple

Now he has high hopes of going one better in the competition for the European crown during this next two years.

Dumitrache first caught the eye on his international debut — shortly after he passed his 20th birthday — in May 1968 against Holland in Bucharest. He played only one half of the game but showed enough to realise to everyone present that this was not to be a momentary appearance.

In the same November he was pitted against England at home and though the game again ended with no score, Dumitrache continued to show his promise which was fulfilled a couple of weeks later when he scored twice against Switzerland in a World Cup qualifying match.

When England staged the return friendly with Rumania at Wembley in 1969 it was Dumitrache who came to the rescue of his team on that January evening. For a youngster it was something of an ordeal when he was asked to take the penalty kick himself which provided the opportunity of an equaliser. But he took it with all the aplomb of a veteran and earned his team a draw there.

Dumitrache plays for Dynamo Bucharest and has been a leading marksman for his club, too, but has also been very self critical about his lack of scoring despite the fact that he has a couple of times topped the list of national team scorers in recent years.

Strategic

As a youngster his great hero was Alfredo Di Stefano and there is no doubt that he has modelled himself not on the bustling centre forward but more of a scheming leader, if not quite in the tactical and strategic class as the great Alfredo.

He has a great admiration, too, for the skills of Pele and again while not possessing anything like the range of attributes attached to this black genius, Dumitrache has tried to fit some of the masters tricks in his own make-up.

He also reckons that the player who has given him most trouble in his international career so far is Bobby Moore who has three times opposed him in international matches. And it is significant that the only time Dumitrache scored in these games was from the penalty spot as already mentioned.

Dumitrache considers that the man who was responsible for getting him on the right lines as a centre forward was Traian Tonescu, a trainer little known outside his own country.

Now at 26 and a lot wiser than he was at one time, Dumitrache prepares to get himself back on the straight and narrow to put Rumania in the European Championship spotlight in the next two years.

LILLE SNAP UP KARASI

FRENCH First Division club Lille have pulled off one of the smartest captures of the current close season in signing the Yugoslavian World Cup player Stanislav Karasi from Red Star Belgrade.

Karasi was one of the few successes of a Yugoslavian team in the recent competition which threatened to do so much and then fell away badly. He scored the vital goal against Scotland which virtually ensured his team would reach the second stage but then they failed to get another point.

He has signed a three year contract with his new club and will find his wife Mirjana's ability to learn foreign tongues — she is a professor of English and Spanish — of considerable value to him in his new surroundings. Only 28 in November, Karasi can be expected to add some punch to the Lille attack.

Karasi's club skipper and also the captain of the national team Dragan Dzajic who was thought to be likely to leave Yugoslavia, too, after the World Cup, is after all going to stay in the country.

When Miljan Miljanic signed a contract with Real Madrid as their team boss it was widely forecast that Dzajic would be one of the first players to make the move from Belgrade to Madrid to link up with him.

* * *

Miljanic has at least taken over a team which has at last won something in Spain. In the Spanish Cup Final Real scored a creditable victory against the League champions Barcelona beating them by four clear goals.

The ex-Yugoslavian national team boss (if that is what is likely to be his status now) has already found at Chamartin a mixture of the young and the ageing. The side which disposed of Barcelona included at one end of the time scale players like Jose Luis (31 years old), Pirri (29), Velazquez (31) and Grosso (30) compared with others like Macanas (20), Santillana (22) and Del Bosque (23).

Miljanic has made one signing, the Spanish international winger Roberto Martinez from the Barcelona club Espanol. He could well be the first of several newcomers.

* * *

Over in Barcelona, the arrival of Johan Neeskens from Ajax Amsterdam has meant that the number of foreigners with the club has reached difficult proportions. And this could spell a quick move for somebody on the staff.

Already the Mexican club Atletico Espanol have made an offer for the Peruvian ex-World Cup star Hugo Sotil. Kept out of making more appearances for his country by the outstanding ability of Teofilo Cubillas, Sotil was transferred to Barcelona from Deportivo Municipal and is still only 27 years old.

He more than played his part in Barcelona's success in winning the championship last season and struck up a useful partnership with Johan Cruyff. But with Neeskens advent, there seems no further room for him.

* * *

One of the outstanding figures in post-war German football has returned to his native country; Karl Heinz Schnellinger has been signed by Tennis Borussia Berlin from the Italian club AC Milan.

Schnellinger played in four World Cup competitions for West Germany in 1958, 1962, 1966 and 1970. He was first capped by his country in the days when he played for the largely unknown SG Duren and then joined IFC Cologne. After the 1962 World Cup he was transferred to Italy when AS Roma paid £75,000 for this defender and promptly loaned him to Mantova. Recalled in 1964 he spent a year before moving on again, this time to AC Milan.

Though his international appearances were restricted because he was out of the country for many vital games, he was still an integral part of West Germany's plans and was outstanding in both the 1966 and 1970 competitions. And he still made 47 appearances in West Germany's colours.

And for AC Milan he became a prominent figure in their European tournaments where his immense knowledge and fitness was able to counteract the ageing processes. And now at 35 the blond giant who was big enough to gain a place in the UEFA Youth tournament when he was only 13, looks good for a couple of seasons with Tennis Borussia.

* * *

Bayern Munich have made a smart capture in signing Klaus Wunder the 23 year old Duisburg striker who first came to prominence with the West German Olympic team two years ago.

Wunder was discovered playing for Arminia Hannover and has won honours at Under-23, amateur, "B" and full level. His presence may help to take some of the weight from the chunky shoulders of the world's most dangerous centre forward Gerd Muller, who has already said that he intends to call an early international retirement and will probably not delay his complete packing up more than three more seasons. Muller is 29 in November and it is getting more and more difficult for him to score, though he is virtually taking more than 50% of the chances he is getting.

And if some of the Muller magic can rub off on Wunder, then the Bayern boys will be shouting "Wunderbar"!

* * *

The summer transfer merry-go-round in Italy has thrown up some big names again. They include Burgnich, De Sisti, Bellugi and Albertosi, all of whom are joining new clubs.

Inter-Milan sweeper Tarcisio Burgnich is moving to Napoli at the ripe old age of 35 after 12 years with his former club and previous experience with Palermo, Juventus and Udinese.

Midfield player Giancarlo De Sisti has at 31 made the trek from Fiorentina to Roma, the club he originally left in 1965! Centre half Mauro Bellugi goes from Inter to Balogna in time to play in next season's Cup Winners Cup competition.

Veteran goalkeeper Albertosi who is 35 in November moves from Cagliari to AC Milan, though he was originally with Fiorentina.

* * *

Unhappy World Cup homecoming for two Bulgarian players, centre forward Kiril Milanov and goalkeeper Simeon Simeonov. The Levski Spartak centre Milanov has been suspended sine die for a serious breach of discipline and the CSKA Sofia goalkeeper Simeonov has been banned for six months.

In contrast another Eastern European country has given a hero's welcome to the Polish national team which took third place in the World Cup. Thousands lined the route to Warsaw when Kazimierz Gorski and his successful team drove into the capital where they received a civic reception from the mayor Jerzy Majewski.

Best hope for European Cup

ONE of the leading Russian teams of the present moment are Dynamo Kiev, current League early leaders, cup finalists and the country's best hope of European honours this season in the Cup Winners Cup.

Last season Kiev also did quite well finishing second in the League and runners-up in the Cup, too. And in the last few seasons they have not been far removed from international honours.

They won their first League title in 1961, then repeated the success in three consecutive years from 1966 to 1968. Their last achievement in this direction was in 1971. Their three Russian Cup successes occurred in 1954, 1964 and 1966 when they did the double.

But their near misses of last year were more than a little disappointing and afterwards the club axed its manager Alexander Sevidov who had done much to completely rebuild the team during the previous couple of years.

Anyway he was replaced by a former club winger Valeri Lobanovsky. He had previously been with Dnepr Dnepropetrovsk in a similar capacity as manager. And certainly the immediate results do not seem to have been to the detriment of the team.

The best known players in the side are probably goalkeeper Evgeny Rudakov, midfield general Vladimir Muntian, the captain Victor Kolotov who also operates from deep positions and left winger Oleg Blokhin the club's top scorer.

Rudakov, the giant goalkeeper who has been likened to the great Lev Yashin but only because of his similar size, is a mixture of good and awful. If he has a bad game then Kiev are really in trouble as has the national team found itself on more than one occasion. But he was something of a bad boy with referees last season and lost his international place as a result of it. But at 32 he is an experienced player with nearly 40 international appearances for his country.

His stand in is Valeri Samokin, a 26-year-old who could well come into his own more this season.

Oleg Blokhin, of Dynamo Kiev, is pictured in action for the USSR. He was the leading scorer for Kiev last season.

Foursome

Muntian is probaby the best known of this foursome, however, and one of the few outstanding midfield players produced in the history of the country, noted for its workmanlike footballers rather than those with flair. Igor Netto certainly had flair in midfield, Valeri Voronin had perhaps even more and Muntian is the next in line from these two.

He was given his initial taste of international football in August 1968 in a match against Sweden in Gothenburg within sight of his 22nd birthday and kept his place afterwards. And apart from a lapse of form a year or so ago he has produced consistent performances for both club and country.

Muntian has also had the ability to score goals with a fierce shot and a knack with penalties which makes him even more valuable to the side. And in the 4-4-2 system operated by Kiev, he can come through from deep positions to get his goals.

The strong running Kolotov is an able foil for the scheming of Muntian. He is still only 25 but a forceful personality who has made more than 30 appearances for Russia, while Muntian has made well over 40.

Left winger Blokhin is tricky and a goalgetter. Sometimes he overdoes the fancy footwork and nothing comes of

Club Focus on DYNAMO KIEV by Jack Rollin

his efforts. But he has scored some vital goals for the club and also the Russian national team which has had a dearth of goalscoring in recent years mainly due to the lack of a good, reliable central spearhead. But Blokhin is only 22 and has time on his side.

Right back Victor Kondratov is 22 years as well and has been one of the newcomers to the team in the last season or so. His partner is a little more experienced though the same age, Voctor Matvienko. He had a few extended opportunities in the national side during the time of the last European Championship when the Russians did well enough to reach the final.

Centre backs are Mikhail Fomenko and Stefan Reshko who have struck up a useful partnership in the team in the last few years. Fomenko at 25 is a year younger than Reshko.

Great blow

Another international of recent vintage in midfield is Vladimir Troshkin who will not be 27 until this September. Troshkin was also in the team around the time of the last European Championship. In fact, Troshkin along with goalkeeper Rudakov and Kolotov were all in the Russian side which was beaten by three clear goals in the final by West Germany two years ago.

The fourth member of the midfield is Vladimir Veremiev (26) who can also be used when the need arises as a forward. In fact when centre forward Anatoly Puzach (33) was injured a year or so back he was pushed up more as central striker for the side.

Russian football suffered a great blow to its pride over the business of the Chile World Cup fiasco. They know they must show just what they can do on the field in the future and with the European Championships coming up, a good boost from one of their club sides in European club football would provide a fine launching pad for their aspirations.

After all they were good enough to reach the final of the last European Championship and have always done well in this competition. Their only minor achievement in European club football was in 1972 when Moscow Dynamo reached the final of the Cup Winners Cup and lost to Rangers.

But their colleagues from Kiev have every hope of going one better during the present season.

Victor Kolotov, captain of Dynamo Kiev, scores for the USSR against Spain.

England internationals Colin Bell (left) and Mike Channon (right) "face-up" to each other at Crystal Palace during the recent "Sporting Superstars" tournament. Bell and Channon were, in fact, taking part in the shooting section. Boxer John Conteh was the overall winner.

REVIE—THE RIGHT MAN

ERIC THORNTON has been a close friend of Don Revie for many years and has written a number of books on Revie and Leeds United. He is well qualified to write on the appointment of England's new team manager . . .

TAKING a four-year long-range look towards the next World Cup finals, Don Revie came out with the first words of wisdom when he said: "The players will have to start believing in themselves, and be far more positive."

That's right twice. The players must begin thinking they are good. And the manager must make certain of injecting that idea. Which is exactly where Mr Don Revie, Member of the Most Honourable Order of the British Empire, once in charge of Leeds United Football Club, and now soccer manager of England, stands today.

In fact, this native of Middlesbrough, and early product of Cleveland free-for-alls, has always held that opinion while learning about everything the hard way over years of dreams and heartbreaks while maturing from rebellion.

Confident, dedicated and urbane this man of the terraces and stands has now developed from lively, carefree boyhood into a warmhearted, yet disciplined, responsible family man who may not be a modern pin-up when one considers the good looking youngsters coming into the game, but a quarter of a century ago lined up with the best.

Yes, sir. They used to call him Mister Handsome in the dressing rooms of the fifties, and he was very happy about it, though it never affected his sang-froid because of always being so concerned about his wife Elsie, a homely person who is also very efficient with a No. 4 iron.

Comment

Always a quiet thinker, even when others around were talking clap-trap after the big games, he was even peering ahead immediately after winning that first cap. Which is why I'll never forget as the plane from a Belfast international touched down at Manchester's Ringway airport one cold, autumnal night he suddenly turned to me and said: "I've been thinking how I'd like to have a crack at managing when my playing days are over."

That was no lighthearted comment. It was a wonderful hope uttered rather shyly sixteen years by a young man on the way to the summit. I encouraged the sentiment because of recognising that he was simply leap-frogging to the time when it might be possible personally to plan the building of a new team. A *great* team. *His* team. The *Revie* team.

There were no vacancies in the country at that moment, and it didn't seem as if there was likely to be in the foreseeable future. In the event, there was a sufficiency of them around in that period. For the list included such as Matt Busby, Joe Smith, Ted Drake, Vic Buckingham, Billy Walker, Eric Houghton, Jack Crayston, Johnny Carey, Bill Shankly, Jimmy Seed, Cliff Britton, George Hardwick, Bob Dennison, and so on.

But luck's a strange bed partner, often providing unexpected opportunities. Which it did when a decade of joys and sorrows had rolled away, and he was beginning to ponder about Old Father Time tapping the right shoulder with a reminder about the shortening length of his playing days.

The fifteenth season had been reached. History had devoted a special chapter to the role he played in Manchester City's award-winning Revie plan when the challenge came out of the blue. Or should I say the dust of Elland Road's encircling streets?

There was no red carpet. No posse of trumpeters. No heraldic announcement. The Leeds United managership was handed over to him in the quiet of an empty board-room, and he was told by the club chairman of those days: "Success is largely built on common-sense."

Actually, The Don, as the West Riding fans knew him best, established success with superb defence, courage, and supreme dedication by all the players whose personal welfare was continually his No. 1 priority.

Now 47, and abdicating as King of England's champion club, he moves into Lancaster Gate because of topping 249 other applicants for the England job, and takes with him a 10-year managerial reference of almost unbroken triumph.

A new and wonderful period is stretching ahead for England. For the new boss is not only clinically efficient, but also a visionary with time for superstitions — i.e. when a lucky threadbare suit turned Wembley into a rabbit's foot final.

Human, too. As he proved to me one day in his little office underneath Leeds United's main stand. It was mid morning, and a woman's shadow slid silently past the frosted window. She was carrying a tray, and we both fancied a cup.

He called out: "Bring us two cups along, luv." But she went on her way without hearing. He shrugged his broad shoulders, half smiled, waved upturned palms like Uncle Joseph, and, without the slightest trace of annoyance said: "I'll go myself because maybe she's busier than me."

Scotland team manager Willie Ormond (left) with England's new boss, Don Revie (centre) and Football Association Secretary Ted Croker.

Kovacs gets things done

News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

WE French have, it is true, had only a marginal relation to the 1974 World Cup. Nevertheless, it has existed. In the first place, our national team manager Stefan Kovacs was in West Germany, elegant in his blue FIFA blazer, and had some interesting remarks to make, when one spoke to him.

"For me, up to now," he remarked when one spoke to him in Stuttgart, "one sees something new every day. For me, the first problem is one of technique. You can no longer win a match with technique. Everybody has it. It is no longer decisive. It is preparation, team spirit, which matter. The tactics have changed very little. But the hard play is bad.

"In the game I saw in Frankfurt between Brazil and Scotland, twelve or fifteen minutes must have been lost. If you also take into account the throw-ins, corners and goal kicks it must have come to twenty minutes. In the future, we should play the game like they do in basketball or water polo and calculate the time lost. As things stand, we are cheating the public.

"Brazil disappointed me," he continued, "because they thought they'd maintain their samba tactics. They have the spirit of play of every South American team; they play for the sake of playing, rather than to score goals. The greatest danger these days is run by the attackers. They have to play the ball backwards, because they can't get through on their own. They are cut down."

Kovacs has done a most energetic job in France, going from one club to the next, trying to observe and to change the kind of training, where he can. He seems reasonably hopeful about the future, though he does not pretend that either our football or that of our national team is yet what he would like it to be.

Serious professionals

Warm tribute has been paid to him by one of our finest forwards and most serious professionals, the 28-year-old captain of France, Georges Bereta. "I said at the beginning of the season," he remarked, "before the Germany-France match, M. Kovacs is working in France in the best possible conditions. A foreigner, with a fine reputation, and respected, he is less vulnerable to critics than his predecessors. He has a free hand to do what he wants.

"He can go through a number of different stratagems without anybody reproaching him for it. He is left in peace. We players feel this reassuring climate in which he moves; it seeps into us and it liberates us. And since everybody has confidence in Kovacs, we follow the general trend, and give him ours. We are never in the presence of a worried man. So he can give us his advice and it will be followed. Kovacs tries to inculcate in us the principles of modern football, as played by Ajax or by West Germany."

(Needless to say this was said before East Germany defeated West Germany in Hamburg so unexpectedly . . .)

"It's a kind of football which puts the emphasis very much on athletic qualities at the expense of technical frills. When we lose the ball, we play as defensively as in the time of M. Boulogne. But when we have it, then the whole team moves massively into the attack. Kovacs above all asks us not to stay grouped together in a corner."

If there was no French team in the World Cup, there was at least, albeit briefly, a French speaking team, in the shape of Haiti. The centre-half and skipper, Nazaire, who played so well against Italy and Chinaglia in the opening game, is now with Valenciennes in the French League. Another player already operating in France is, of course, Hugo Bargas, the Argentinian stopper, who has done so well for Nantes, and little Petkovic, the Yugoslav outside-right.

Bargas I thought was rather unlucky in the Argentinian team. In his first match, against Poland, he was given a curious role to fill. With Nantes, as I have already recorded in these pages, he is essentially a stopper, bringing his gifts of finesse, positioning and technique to strengthen a Nantes team which looks very different without him. But for some arcane reason, the Argentinians wanted him to play not in, but in front of, the back line. This left him effectively, or ineffectively, in No Man's Land, and it was hardly surprising that he had such a poor game, being substituted in the second half.

Strong competition

Petkovic, the lively Troyes winger, did rather better even if he did miss a very easy chance in the opening match against Brazil, had another, perhaps not quite so easy against the Scots. With such strong competition for places in the Yugoslav attack, he did very well to win himself a place. Not least with such a fine young player as Vladimir Petrovic treading on his heels.

A good beginning as manager at Lille for the old international left winger, Georges Peyroche, who joined the famous Northern side from the little Foseemagne club. Peyroche is a man of very determined ideas on the role he, his players and his directors should fill. Not everyone agrees with him, but it must be conceded that Lille made a splendid drive for promotion in the last weeks of the season, being frustrated maddeningly by the bonus points for goals system which kept Valenciennes tantalisingly out of their reach.

If Wilczeck kept banging them in for Valenciennes, then so did Coste keep shooting them home for Lille. In the end you felt that both clubs very solidly deserved to go up. Lille might have had an easier passage if Peyroche had been in charge from the very beginning, but it was only on September 16 that he arrived, to start them on a phenomenally successful run.

And now we have a new star; Jean Marc Guillou, hero of the final international at home against the Argentinians. This is a midfield player from Angers of high quality, one who can play either as a constructive half back or as the old fashioned kind of inside-forward. Stefan Kovacs, whom he too admires, prefers to see him as the former. "He is a constructive player," he says, "who has no need of force." Kovacs, says the talented Guillou, is right. He himself believes that everything stars, as with Ajax and Bayern, from the back, and that numerical superiority there is absolutely essential.

He also believes that defenders should play a greater and greater part in the game, especially the sweeper. "This collective play has the great advantage of building confidence, and with such confidence there comes success. That is the great lesson which Ajax have given to football in general and in the game against the Czechs in Prague, to French football in particular." It was his debut. France drew, 3-3.

Winger Comero opens the score for Rosario Central against Boca Juniors in the first Metropolitan First Division Championship final round match which the home team won 3–1.

Newell Success

NEWELL'S Old Boys, the club formed by former pupils of the Anglo-Argentine Commercial School of Rosario (of which Englishman Dr Newell was the headmaster) in 1903, won the First Division championship for the first time this year after a thrilling finish to an exciting four-team play-off in which they drew 2-2 with neighbours Rosario Central.

Rosario Central finished as runners-up and Rosario—third largest city of Argentina—can truly lay claim to being the capital of soccer at the moment. Rosario Central are also the current national champions.

When Rosario Central took a 2-0 lead 20 minutes from the end it looked as if they would force another play-off. Rosario thought they were home too and the team—which has based its success mostly on defence and counter-attack—defended the lead for the first time in this game. A free kick and a defensive lapse two minutes later gave Newell's the first goal. And nine minutes from the end a "super goal" almost worth a championship squared the game and gave Newell's the title by two points instead of a play-off.

Invasion

But it was a poor game as most of the championship had been and it ended on the same note prevalent for most of the season—field invasion, crowd trouble and bad behaviour.

This time it was jubilant fans who broke into the field two minutes from the end and the game had to be abandoned—the FA later decided that the result should stand—but before the stadium could be cleared there were clashes with police, damage to installations and several players were completely stripped before they could reach the tunnel.

The four-team final round was played without national team players who were in the World Cup and this hit the 1973 champions, Huracan, more than anybody as they had Brindisi, Houseman and Avallay away. (A fourth Huracan player, Babington, left to join the World Cup team right after the last match).

Popular Boca Juniors, who started the season like champions, then struck a bad patch but got over it just in time to qualify for the final round via a play-off, played well but couldn't get the goals in the first two matches. They only won the third against Huracan when it hardly mattered. Newell's and Rosario Central qualify for a further play-off at the end of the year with the teams finishing first and second in the national championship to decide Argentina's two participants in next year's Libertadores Cup.

The only good thing was the upsurge in goals scored during the championship—an average of 3.2 per game.

Final round results were: Rosario Central 3, Boca Juniors 1; Newell's Old Boys 3, Huracan 2; Boca Juniors 0, Newell's OB 1; Huracan 1, Rosario C. 0; Boca Juniors 3, Huracan 1; Rosario C. 2, Newell's OB 2.

Final standings	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
NEWELL'S OLD BOYS (Rosario)	2	1	—	6	4	5
Rosario Central	1	1	1	5	4	3
Boca Juniors	1	—	2	4	5	2
Huracan	1	—	2	4	6	2

STANDINGS ELSEWHERE

PERU'S sensation of the moment is provincial club Union Huaral which is playing professional football for the first time this year and came into the First Division when it was increased to 22 clubs for this season.

After 13 games they top the table with 22 points, followed by 2) Alianza Lima 20, 3) Atletico Chalaco, Defensor Lima, Universitario 17, 6) Sporting Cristal, Union Tuman, Sport Boys 16, 9) Colegio Nacional Iquitos 15, 10) Deportivo Municipal 14, 11) Leon Huanuco, Pierola, Cienciano, Juan Aurich Chiclana 13, 15) Alfonso Ugarte, Melgar, Atletico Grau 11, 18) Union Pesquero 8, 19) Deportivo Junin, Atletico Frigorifico, Carlos Mannucci 6, 22) Walter Ormeno 5.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

COLOMBIA (Opening Championship)—1) Deportivo Cali 34 pts., 2) Nacional 33, 3) Milliona rios de Bogota 31, 4) Independiente Santa Fe 27, 5) Medellin, America de Cali 26, 7) Caldas 21, 8) Cucuta 20, 9) Quindio 18, 10) Bucamaranga 17, 11) Union Magdelena 16, 12) Pereira 1, 13) Tolima 12.

VENEZUELA (Professional Championship)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Portuguesa	8	5	2	1	12	5	12
Estudiantes	9	4	4	1	14	9	12
Aragotegui	9	5	2	2	13	10	12
Valencia	9	3	3	3	15	7	9
Galicia	9	2	5	2	9	10	9
Portuguesa	9	1	4	4	5	13	6
Canarias-Tig.	9	2	2	5	8	15	6
Italia	8	—	4	4	4	11	4

News from Hungary by Leslie Vernon

BOZSIK IS BOSS

JOZSEF BOZSIK, right half of the legendary national team of the fifties, has been appointed as Hungary's team manager. "Cucu"—as he is universally known in Budapest—was a Honved player during his career, made his international debut in 1947, and collected his 100th cap on April 18, 1962.

During this 15 years period, he only missed 29 international matches, and is still regarded as one of the greatest footballers of all time. On retirement he became the coach of Honved, and since 1967, worked in an administrative capacity.

The 49-year-old Bozsik took over from Rudolf Illovszky, who is now back with Vasas. This is just one "step" in the usual managerial merry-go-round which occurs in every close season in Hungary. Still, I applaud the appointment of "Cucu". He is immensely respected by the players, has been a perfect sportsman, and will be a good ambassador for Hungarian football.

Since the long reign of Lajos Baroti which climaxed in the 1966 World Cup finals, Hungary have had four managers—Sos, Hoffer, Illovszky, and now, Bozsik. During these eight years, the results have been poor, the standard of football mediocre, and morale at a low ebb.

Now, it is right and proper that the arrival of a new, progressive administration should coincide with a change at the top of the national coaching tree. Happily, the recruitment of the popular "Cucu" isn't the only promising entry on the credit side of the balance sheet. The F.A. have accepted the principle of the West European manager-system, and have ordered the clubs to employ two people to run their first team squads.

Functions

The "top-man" will have similar functions to that of an English club manager, while his assistant will look after the coaching side. These "tandems" will enable the manager to travel abroad more frequently and study foreign teams, to watch players in lower divisions, and to delegate some of his mundane duties to his assistant.

And with two coaches on the pitch, the players can be given specialised training schedules—an essential reform if Hungary are to catch-up with the sophisticated Dutch and W. Germans. It was also decreed that the waiting period of players not released by their clubs should be reduced to six months. In the past, when a footballer wished to move—unless he received a clearance from his club—he had to "sit out" one or two seasons of football.

This edict should ensure a speedier flow of talent from the lower divisions into the premier section, and it obviously favours the powerful clubs of the capital. But it is essential to create an "elite" of strong teams from which the national squad can be drawn. There is no need to dwell on the advantages of such a set-up—especially in a small country.

When Hungary was a respected football power, the best players were attached to Honved and MTK. The current Dutch side rely on Ajax and Feyenoord, and six Bayern Munich players were in the World Cup winning German team. Pal Varhidi is staying with *Ujpest Dozsa*, and the club's former youth coach, Janos Schumann, will be his second-in-command.

The goalkeeping spot, left open by the retirement of the excellent Antal Szentmihalyi, goes to Adam Rothermel. This 26-year-old ex-international was with Tatabanya, and waited a year on the sidelines in order to join the champions. His off-the-field behaviour hasn't been satisfactory, and he was regarded as a trouble-maker when with the provincials.

Now the Dozsa management is hoping that Rothermel will realise his undoubted potential and that he will be an adequate replacement for Szentmihalyi. As both Bene and Antal Dunai are approaching the veteran stage, the lilac-and-whites are looking to their younger players to defend the trophy next season, and to take the club into the Final of the European Cup.

Jeno Szigeti will give a hand to the chief coach, Jeno Dalnoki, at *Ferencvaros*, where the retired Florian Albert was also given an executive post. The most important addition to the "Fradi" squad is Ferenc Szabo, the young Haladas striker. It was rumoured that Szoke, Ku and Pancsics would all like to move to Honved. Apparently, these internationals were contacted by Imre Komora, the secretary of the Army club. When the affair became known, the F.A. acted with commendable firmness.

They forbade the players to leave Ferencvaros, and suspended Komora for a year. The offence—illegal approach! The *Honved* camp refused to discuss the matter, and appear satisfied with their present squad. New manager Dr. Karoly Lakat has probably the best record in Hungarian club football, and is expected to put Honved back amongst the challengers for the title.

Motivate

Honved signed two Szeged players—goalkeeper Sandor Gujdar and defender Erno Viragh. The talented Egyetertes winger, Istvan Weimper, is another recruit who could claim a first team spot for himself. But Lakat's major task is to motivate the "star-trio"—Kozma, Kocsis and Szucs!

If these three excellent footballers show a degree of dedication, there is no reason why Honved shouldn't win the league. It is like the "good old days" at *Vasas*. "Uncle Rudi" is back at the helm (for the third or fourth time?). Pal Berendi, another much-liked Vasas stalwart, is his assistant, and there is no significant change in the playing strength.

Last season, under Baroti, Vasas had an eventful time. A disastrous autumn campaign, which pushed the club to the very edge of relegation, was followed by a triumphant "second-half", when 21 points were gained out of a possible 30! Baroti refused to sign-on for another season, and is now on the panel of the F.A. coaching board.

Illovszky must build on the good results of last spring, and convince the notorious "bohemians" in the squad that they are not indispensable. Dr. Kalocsai (M.T.K.) has also retired, and Imre Kovacs is back with his old club. His place at Salgotarjan has been taken by Robert David, while Jozsef Gelei, the ex-international goalie, takes over Tatabanya.

Laszlo Sarosi is the new manager of Haladas, and Mihaly Keszthelyi will be in charge of Egyetertes. Well, if these new brooms all sweep clean, the Hungarians could look forward to a marvellous '74/75 season!

FIGARO
THREE TIMES BRITAIN'S CHAMPION FORECASTER
(Sporting Life Xperts table)
IS EDITOR OF

20p
FOOTBALL ANNUAL
From your newsagent or bookstall or direct 24½p from Subs. Dept., 79 Temple Chambers, London, EC4Y 0EX.

Ken Goldman talks to BERTIE MEE

BASIC PITFALLS TO BE AVOIDED

Q. What do you feel that players should expect from their Manager and their Club?

A. Players must understand and have confidence in the tasks which they may be required to undertake. This means they must have complete trust in the Club for which they play and the various members of the staff of that club.

The staff in turn have a responsibility to support players in times of stress and when necessary give them their head in accepting maximum responsibility.

Q. Is it easy to put new methods into effect?

A. No. Complex organisation of playing ideas takes a long time. We find that frequent repetition of practical situations over a long period of time where the practical period is short provide the best results. Long and sustained practice sessions do not produce satisfactory results.

Q. Do your players get an opportunity to put forward ideas?

A. Before attempting to effect team play and group situations within team play i.e. tactics, players must understand and have an opportunity for discussing the situation.

Often the situation may be reshaped or modified to meet the individual skill and personality requirements of the players.

Q. Are there any basic pitfalls to avoid with players?

A. Yes several. Favouritism or evidence of dislike must be avoided at all costs. A manager must avoid showing personal leanings in any way and players in a professional club can be hypersensitive in this respect.

The manager must be completely honest and frank in all situations and make himself available for discussions. To put off apparently simple even trivial issues only leads to the problem increasing in size.

Q. In many ways do you consider managers and players have similar responsibilities?

A. Well if players are required to be totally committed to the game then managers must be equally committed at least. The job can never be a case of "Do as I say" it must be always "Do as I do".

Q. Are there any special considerations when dealing with young players?

A. Young players need to have a unique relationship with their manager. He has to show a fatherly and yet a professionally dispassionate interest in their progress.

They must be made to feel part of the group even if this only means occasionally passing the time of day with them or briefly discussing their progress.

Q. Have managers a need to stand apart from their players?

A. One of the manager's biggest problems involves being a part of a closely integrated group and yet being able to stand apart from it.

At times a manager is closely involved with his players in highly emotional circumstances and yet his involvement must never be such as to be exploitable.

He must never create a position in which advantage can be taken of him.

Real pay tribute to Amancio

Amancio of Real Madrid.

AMANCIO—Real Madrid have resigned Amancio for another year on full wages and the usual signing fees in spite of the doctors report that he will not play again after that grave injury against Granada in the Spanish Cup. It's a deserved tribute to a much injured and loyal player.

Ferenc Puskus, after much kite flying in Spain which has lasted for three months, is to be manager of Second Division Burgos next season. He was said to have been approached by eight different Spanish clubs as well as Ajax, Bayern Munich, Nimes and Inter . . . all denied any approach.

What a come down! Burgos, relegated from the 1st Division last season, forced to play for re-election this and only just escaped relegation to Regional (Village) football by a last minute goal against Eibar. We heard the same old managerial boast. "We'll soon have Burgos back in the First Division."

The plan is beginning to unfold. Francisco Gento, heir apparant for the management of Real Madrid, makes his first step towards the post Santiago Bernabeu has promised him. He has signed a three year contract for 1st Division Castellon, 1973 Cup Finalists.

This contract aims to prepare Gento for Madrid in 1977 when the three year contract of Miljan Milanic ends.

Santiago Bernabeu was at the World Cup, not to watch the dull violent World's best but to talk to German clubs about the transfer of GUNTER NETZER. Real have at last resigned themselves that Netzer just did not make it and is unlikely too. Big fees from Hertha Berlin, and Bayern Munich may have changed Netzer's "I'm not leaving Real" stand. The loss of his place in the National German side may also have had something to do with the situation.

Bernabeu has already talked to Johnny Rep, Jairzinho Moreno and Mario Marinho.

Rep might fit into Real's style, but can Brazilians and South Americans play European football? What Brazilian has ever triumphed in Spain and Europe? Even Pele has rarely played up to reputation in Europe.

THE great "Open the Door to Foreign Players' operation which many of us in Spain tried to prevent was the most expensive football operation in Spanish History. It cost 350,000,000 pesetas, (and that's a lot of money by Spanish standards) for 59 supposedly top class players. And what happened?

The operation was launched to transform, by inspiration and example, Spain into the leading European football nation. Yet, we failed to qualify for the World Cup finals. The organisers of the campaign thought Cruyff, Netzer, Ayala, Heredia, Keita, Jarra, Carnaveli and co would all be eligible for Spain's international side. But most of them refused to be naturalised. We failed to win any of the muckraking European Competitions, the standard of football is still the same . . . the so called top class players have not added one fragment to the game as a whole. Even gates haven't risen.

Its been the biggest flop and disaster of all time.

Two clubs signed top "stars" for big fees and were relegated from the 1st Division. Real Madrid, with Netzer and Mas, finished lower than for fifty years. Lavante, with Caszely, were relegated to the third Division. Only one player, Doria of Gijon, played in all matches.

The successes were Cruyff and Sotil (Barcelona), Heredia and Ayala (Atletico Madrid) and Arrua and Blanco (Zaragoza). No-one else justified their fees. Yet the mania still goes on. Real Madrid and Barcelona are both intent on spending more millions on players.

FOREIGN IMPORTS

Team	Player	Cost	Games Played	Classification in League
At. Madrid	Heredia	18.000.000 pts.	19	2nd
At. Madrid	Ayala	18.000.000	21	2nd
Barcelona	Cruyff	115.000.000	26	1st
Barcelona	Sotil	12.000.000	34	1st
Castellon	Dumat	1.500.000	20	16th Relegated
Espanol	Ortiz Aquino	1.500.000	4	9th
Espanol	Cino	2.500.000	16	9th
Elche	Heredia	6.000.000	24	14th
Elche	Hiller	2.500.000	33	14th
Granada	Echecopar	3.500.000	16	6th
Granada	Montero Castillo	4.000.000	32	6th
Las Palmas	Carnevali	8.000.000	27	11th
Las Palmas	Verde	1.500.000	21	11th
Malaga	Guerini	10.000.000	24	7th
Murcia	Taverna	2.000.000	24	15th Relegated
Murcia	Verza	1.500.000	15	15th
Oviedo	Dojric	2.000.000	7	18th Relegated
Celta	Aparicio	1.000.000	24	12th
Celta	Aquerre	1.000.000	21	12th
Gijon	Landuci	2.500.000	8	13th
Gijon	Doria	2.000.000	33	13th
Real Madrid	Mas	12.000.000	27	8th
Real Madrid	Netzer	30.000.000	25	8th
Santander	Zuviria	1.500.000	30	17th Relegated
Santander	Martinez	2.000.000	22	17th
Valencia	Keita	10.000.000	30	10th
Valencia	Jara	12.000.000	24	10th
Zaragoza	Arrua	4.000.000	27	3rd
Zaragoza	Blanco	2.000.000	19	3rd

Swedish goalkeeper Ronnie Hellstrom makes a save against Uruguay during the World Cup.

Brazil have best record

WORLD CUP 1930-1974 FINAL SERIES

		P	W	D	L	F	A
1.	Brazil	45	29	7	9	109	53
2.	West Germany	41	27	5	9	100	63
3.	Italy	29	16	5	8	53	34
4.	Uruguay	29	14	5	10	57	39
5.	Hungary	23	13	2	8	70	34
6.	Sweden	25	11	5	9	47	43
7.	England	24	10	6	8	34	28
8.	Yugoslavia	25	11	3	11	45	34
9.	Russia	19	10	3	6	30	21
10.	Argentina	22	9	4	9	40	39
11.	Czechoslovakia	22	8	3	11	32	36
12.	Chile	18	7	3	8	23	24
13.	France	17	7	1	9	38	33
14.	Spain	15	6	2	7	20	23
15.	Austria	12	6	1	5	26	26
16.	Poland	8	6	0	2	21	11
17.	Switzerland	18	5	2	11	28	44
18.	Holland	9	5	1	3	17	9
19.	Portugal	6	5	0	1	17	8
20.	Mexico	21	3	4	14	19	50
21.	East Germany	6	2	2	2	5	5
22.	Paraguay	7	2	2	3	12	19
23.	United States	7	3	0	4	12	21
24.	Wales	5	1	3	1	4	4
25.	Northern Ireland	5	2	1	2	6	10
26.	Rumania	8	2	1	5	12	17
27.	Scotland	8	1	3	4	7	15
28.	Peru	6	2	0	4	10	13
29.	Bulgaria	12	0	4	8	9	29
30.	Cuba	3	1	1	1	5	12
31.	North Korea	4	1	1	2	5	9
32.	Belgium	9	1	1	7	12	25
33.	Turkey	3	1	0	2	10	11
34.	Israel	3	0	2	1	1	3
35.	Morocco	3	0	1	2	2	6
36.	Australia	3	0	1	2	0	5
37.	Colombia	3	0	1	2	5	11
38.	Norway	1	0	0	1	1	2
39.	Egypt	1	0	0	1	2	4
40.	Dutch East Indies	1	0	0	1	0	6
41.	South Korea	2	0	0	2	0	16
42.	El Salvador	3	0	0	3	0	9
43.	Haiti	3	0	0	3	2	14
44.	Zaire	3	0	0	3	0	14
45.	Bolivia	3	0	0	3	0	16
	TOTAL	540	227	86	227	948	948

Only five countries have won the World Cup: Brazil (1958, 1962 and 1970), Italy (1934 and 1938), Uruguay (1930 and 1950), West Germany (1954 and 1974) and England (1966).

948 goals have been scored in 270 matches in the 10 final tournaments for an overall average of 3.5 goals per match.

World Cup scoring rates:

1930	70	goals in	18	matches, average	3.8
1934	70	,,	17	,,	4.1
1938	84	,,	18	,,	4.6
1950	88	,,	22	,,	4.0
1954	140	,,	26	,,	5.3
1958	126	,,	35	,,	3.6
1962	89	,,	32	,,	2.7
1966	89	,,	32	,,	2.7
1970	95	,,	32	,,	2.9
1974	97	,,	38	,,	2.5

Leading countries (no. of participating occasions only)

Brazil (record)	10
West Germany	8
Italy	8
Uruguay	7
Mexico	7
Hungary	6
Sweden	6
England	6
Yugoslavia	6
Argentina	6
Czechoslovakia	6
France	6
Switzerland	6

Our 'panel' chose their best and worst teams

WORLD SOCCER'S BEST XI
(Substitutes in brackets)

Zoff
(Harvey)

Suurbier (Vogts) **Luis Pereira** (Figueroa) **Beckenbauer** (Bransch) **Breitner** (Krol)

Neeskens (Mazzola) **Deyna** (Jansen) **Bonev** (van Hanegem)

Lato (Gadocha) **Muller** (Szarmach) **Cruyff** (Edstrom)

WORLD SOCCER'S MOST DISAPPOINTING XI

Carnevali

Glaria **Wilson** **Schwarzenbeck** **Grip**

Paulo Cesar **Rivera** **Dalglish**

Cubillas **Chinaglia** **Riva**

Most overrated team: **Scotland**
Most overrated player: **Joe Jordan (Scotland)**
Most disappointing team: **Yugoslavia**
Most surprising team: **Sweden**

WORLD SOCCER's "panel" made their judgements based in England. There was little argument over players in the "Best XI" although it was felt that any two of the four full backs named could have made the top team. There were a few midfield players, such as Heredia and Telch of the Argentine, who came on the fringe of selection but Bonev of Bulgaria finally got the vote to go alongside Neeskens and Deyna despite his relatively few games in the competition. Lato, Muller and Cruyff were automatic choices.

Selecting the "most disappointing" team caused most discussion. There were no shortage of candidates in the midfield and striking sections but it was hard to single out full backs or centre backs who really failed to come up to scratch. In all selections players from Haiti, Zaire and Australia were not considered.

Overath—who came close to ousting Joe Jordan as the most overrated player in the tournament—Netzer (despite his brief appearance) and Benetti of Italy were midfield contenders. Heynckes, Kindvall and Hertzog were challengers up front.

CRUYFF TOP

KICKER Sportmagazin in West Germany held a poll among leading journalists and trainers at the World Cup finals to determine the best player of the tournament. The overall result was as follows:

Cruyff	**372 points**
Beckenbauer	**278**
Deyna	**175**
Neeskens	**120**
Oblak	**46**
Lato	**37**
Pereira	**35**
Bremner	**32**
Babington	**28**
Hoeness	**27**
Hellstroem	**26**
F. Marinho	**26**
Gadocha	**26**
Breitner	**22**
Mazzola	**22**
Muller	**15**
Overath	**15**
Vogts	**13**
Szarmach	**10**
Maier	**10**
Dzajic	**9**
Figueroa	**8**
Rivelino	**6**
Edstrom	**6**
van Hanegem	**5**
Francillion	**5**
Bonev	**5**
Acimovic	**4**
Bajevic	**4**
Jairzinho	**4**

English votes were cast by Geoffrey Green of *The Times* and Bobby Charlton. Green's top six were Beckenbauer, Cruyff, Deyna, Francisco Marinho, Lato and van Hanegem. Charlton went for Cruyff, Beckenbauer, Neeskens, Gadocha, Vogts and Francisco Marinho.

Neeskens, somewhat surprisingly, failed to make the top six in a number of instances. Helmut Schoen, Joao Havelange, Georg Ericsson and Pele were among those who didn't include the Dutch player. The only person to place someone other than Cruyff or Beckenbauer top of their list was Scottish manager Willie Ormond. His candidate? Surprise, surprise . . . Billy Bremner.

* * *

Yugoslavia's disappointing failure in the World Cup in which they won only one game —astonishingly enough a record equalling 9-0 against Zaire (Hungary had beaten South Korea 9-0 in the 1954 series for the previous World Cup finals best score), did nothing to aid the cause of team manager Miljan Miljanic, already under fire at home for deciding to join Real Madrid after the finals.

Few of the Yugoslavians lived up to their pre-World Cup reputations with only Ivan Buljan, Stanislav Karasi and Jovan Acimovic maintaining any real level of consistency.

During the competition, Dragan Dzajic, Branko Oblak, Vladislav Bogicevic, Ivan Surjak, Dusan Bajevic etc., gradually disappeared as the giants who had promised so much beforehand.

With their 1970 World Cup winning team decimated, Brazil really had no chance. Even so they managed to get to fourth place. And if they could have found someone who could shoot straight, they might have got to the final itself. The defence proved much stronger with Luis Pereira outstanding.

As it was they had to be left with free-kicks—which was virtually all that was left of Rivelino's artillery and the grafting of a much slower Jairzinho. The best looking striker Leivinha went off injured against Zaire.

And in some ways Brazil's plight in 1974 was not unlike that of England in the 1958 World Cup. Then but for forward failures England would surely have also reached the final and in fact beaten Brazil on the way to it!

Then England were suffering from the aftermath of the Munich air disaster and were in the course of rebuilding their side.

* * *

Sweden's performance in the World Cup on the other hand was most pleasing. The big successes were many of the exiles like Ralf Edstrom who plays for PSV Eindhoven in Holland, Roland Sandberg of Kaiserslautern and Bjorn Nordqvist also of PSV.

Goalkeeper Ronnie Hellstrom is joining his international colleagues Sandberg and Benno Magnusson with Kaiserslautern this season.

In the end the Swedes tended to run out of steam, a combination of old age in several positions and the lack of full-time training among their home based players.

Sporting 'double'

SPORTING Lisbon achieved the double over local rivals Benfica. Having taken the League title they added the Cup again at the expense of the Estoril Eagles, but not before a long struggle.

In fact, Benfica dominated the final from the start and took the lead after 32 minutes when Toni and Jordao combined for Nene, who had scored twice in the semi-final against Porto, to open their account. Benfica continued to press against a strangely defensive-minded Sporting who were without their Argentinian centre forward Hector Yazalde on World Cup duty for his country.

Benfica players made strong appeals for a penalty in the second half when Bastos fouled Jordao, but events gradually slipped away from them and were precipitated with their best defender Rui Rodrigues going off injured. Then three minutes from the end of normal time disaster struck when Chico headed an equaliser from a centre by Dinis.

In extra time, Sporting came more into the game and Marinho scored the winner in the second period, leaving goalkeeper and skipper Vitor Damas to take the cup for his team.

Yazalde ended the League season with 46 goals a new record in Portugal. He was injured when he joined the Argentinian World Cup party and was not at his sharpest when he played for them in the competition, though he did manage to get a couple of goals.

After years of being in the happy position of using any player who was studying at the university at Coimbra, it seems that Academica's days as a First Division power are over. The team has been disbanded, though re-formed by the players as Academico, but without the privileges of old. These included using people like Serafim who had been bought by Benfica from Porto without paying any transfer fee and more recently Peres from Sporting Lisbon.

VOEST CROWDS BOOST

NEW Austrian champions VOEST Linz are hoping that their success will reflect in higher attendances and interest next season. Their last home match in 1973-74 was watched by only 4,000 people despite the fact that they had still not clinched the title when they went into it.

However now that they have been crowned champions for the first time perhaps the locals will rally round them. And since they are sponsored by the country's largest industry the Vereinigte Oesterreichtsche Stahlwerks (VOEST), they should be able to drum up some backing especially as they will be entering Europe in the Champions Cup.

It is only the second time a team from Linz has won the Austrian title. The previous winners were Linzer ASK (LASK) who won it in 1965. VOEST Linz have continued the provincial domination of the championship in recent years, however, breaking Swarowski Innsbruck's run of three successive titles.

VOEST Linz have the youngest team in the First Division, average age 25 and they also enjoyed their success on the 25th anniversary of their existence. And it has at last put this Danube industrial town on the soccer map in Austria.

The top scorer in Austria last season Hans Krankl of Rapid Vienna with 36 goals who came within one goal of equalling the all-time record set up in 1951, is likely to be the target of approaches from foreign clubs. At 21 he is certainly a bright prospect.

Second highest scorer in the championship, Lothar Emmerich who scored 21 goals for Klagenfurt, is already leaving for West Germany.

European Championship

September

1.9	Finland v. Poland
4.9	Norway v Northern Ireland
4.9	Austria v. Wales
8.9	Iceland v. Belgium
25.9	Denmark v. Spain
25.9	Finland v. Holland

October

9.10	Poland v. Finland
12.10	East Germany v. Iceland
12.10	Belgium v. France
13.10	Luxembourg v. Hungary
13.10	Denmark v. Rumania
13.10	Bulgaria v. Greece
30.10	Yugoslavia v. Norway
30.10	Wales v. Hungary
30.10	Sweden v. Northern Ireland
30.10	England v. Czechoslovakia
30.10	Eire v. USSR

November

16.11	France v. East Germany
20.11	Wales v. Luxembourg
20.11	England v. Portugal
20.11	Scotland v. Spain
20.11	Holland v. Italy
20.11	Turkey v. Eire
20.11	Greece v. West Germany

1975

February

5.2	Cyprus v. England
5.2	Spain v. Scotland
23.2	Malta v. Greece

March

16.3	Luxembourg v. Austria
16.3	Northern Ireland v. Yugoslavia

April

2.4	Austria v. Hungary
2.4	USSR v. Turkey
16.4	Hungary v. Wales
16.4	England v. Cyprus
17.4	Spain v. Rumania
19.4	Italy v. Poland
20.4	Czechoslovakia v. Cyprus
26.4	Bulgaria v. West Germany
30.4	Czechoslovakia v. Portugal
30.4	Switzerland v. Turkey

May

1.5	Luxembourg v. Wales
11.5	Rumania v. Denmark
11.5	Eire v. Switzerland
18.5	USSR v. Eire
21.5	Switzerland v. Eire
25.5	Iceland v. France

June

1.6	Rumania v. Scotland
4.6	Greece v. Malta
4.6	Sweden v. Yugoslavia
5.6	Finland v. Italy
5.6	Iceland v. East Germany
8.6	Cyprus v. Portugal
9.6	Norway v. Yugoslavia
11.6	Bulgaria v. Malta
30.6	Sweden v. Norway

August

13.8	Norway v. Sweden
20.8	Holland v. Finland

September

3.9	Northern Ireland v. Sweden
3.9	France v. Iceland
3.9	Denmark v. Scotland
6.9	Belgium v. Iceland
10.9	Poland v. Holland
24.9	Hungary v. Austria
27.9	Belgium v. East Germany
27.9	Italy v. Finland

October

11.10	West Germany v. Greece
11.10	East Germany v. France
12.10	Spain v. Denmark
12.10	Switzerland v. USSR
15.10	Yugoslavia v. Sweden
15.10	Austria v. Luxembourg
19.10	Hungary v. Luxembourg
25.10	Poland v. Italy
29.10	Czechoslovakia v. England
29.10	Northern Ireland v. Norway
29.10	Scotland v. Denmark
29.10	Eire v. Turkey

November

12.11	USSR v. Switzerland
12.11	Portugal v. Czechoslovakia
15.11	Rumania v. Spain
19.11	Wales v. Austria
19.11	Yugoslavia v. Northern Ireland
19.11	Portugal v. England
19.11	West Germany v. Bulgaria
22.11	Italy v. Holland
23.11	Cyprus v. Czechoslovakia
23.11	Turkey v. USSR

December

3.12	Portugal v. Cyprus
17.12	Scotland v. Rumania
21.12	Malta v. Bulgaria

1976

February

28.2	West Germany v. Malta

FIFA say 'no'

A proposal by the Welsh Football Association that indirect free-kicks should be abolished, was deferred for one year by a meeting of the board of FIFA in West Germany. The proposal will be considered again at the next meeting in a year's time.

Opposition to the proposal was made on the grounds that it would mean awarding a penalty for the most trivial offences in the penalty area. A proposal by FIFA that the off'side rule should not operate at free-kicks was withdrawn.

The eight-man International Board comprises one member from each of the four British Associations and four other FIFA members. Any proposal requires a two thirds majority.

POOLS TOURNEY

EACH summer since 1961 the Continent of Europe has staged a competition of international importance but little following, largely for the benefit of football pools when domestic fixtures are ended.

Even in this World Cup year it has continued to be played and even included teams from countries who were competing in the championship in West Germany. But this is one competition which is just a means to an end. They don't even bother to find a winner any more.

Teams are grouped in fours and play each other home and away. Six matches which tide people over until the real business of League fixtures can give the pools punters something else to get their teeth into. It's rather like a right-way-up Australian pools set-up.

The original competition in 1961 went on until the final stages spilled over well into the following year. It produced an interesting final as it happened with those Dutch rivals Ajax and Feyenoord meeting with Ajax winning 4-2.

That season teams from East Germany, Austria, Holland, West Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Sweden and Switzerland competed. And in subsequent years the same geographical areas if not always the same countries have supplied entries.

But since the purpose has been mostly for the pools, there has seemed little purpose in promoting it beyond the summer and thus only group winners are declared, with no final stages to clutter up already congested domestic issues.

The present competition, which is nearing its conclusion, has produced entries from Switzerland, Sweden, West Germany, Austria, Portugal, Czechoslovakia, France, Denmark, Belgium, Poland and even Turkey! Forty teams have entered and have been split up into ten groups.

And the quality of the entries can be judged from the following national League champions of the recently ended season: Zurich (Switzerland), St. Etienne (France), Slovan Bratislava (Czechoslovakia), Atvidaberg (Sweden) and VOEST Linz (Austria).

Cup winners include Austria/WAC (Austria) and Czechoslovakia's representatives in the Cup Winners Cup next season as beaten finalists of the domestic trophy, Slavia/Prague.

Brazil slip home

NEWSDESK

DEFEATED World Champions Brazil slipped back home to a virtual non-welcome at the remote end of a heavily guarded airport in Rio de Janeiro. Their plane taxied to a halt at the far end of the runway and they cleared customs on the tarmac itself besides the aircraft before being whisked off to their homes . . . a precaution against possible hostile demonstrations.

It was a far cry from the ecstatic reception and triumphal processions that greeted the team four years ago when they won the cup for the third time.

In the event stringent security measures, in which hundreds of police were deployed and access was limited to journalists with special passes, proved unnecessary.

The anger generated by Brazil's defeat by Holland last week appears to have evaporated and only a few people gathered at the airport. Most of these were friendly and carried Brazilian flags and placards saying "We welcome our team."

As soon as team trainer Mario Zagalo came down the gangway he was besieged by journalists. Minor scuffles with police ensued as local reporters struggled to interview the man who has been the main target of Brazilians' anger at their team's failure.

Surrounded by a circle of police, he moved to and fro on the tarmac as journalists pressed round him, replying to their questions in a firm, unshaken voice. Finally a car drove up to the plane and he left after clearing customs.

In contrast, Poland's World Cup silver medallists returned to a hero's welcome in Warsaw, complete with army band and crowd-lined streets. Waving their cup, the squad arrived at the Military Airport on a special flight from West Germany.

Flower shops did a brisk trade as Warsaw residents prepared in traditional welcome. First down the steps of the aircraft was Grzegorz Lato, top scorer in the finals, followed by manager-coach Kazimierz Gorski.

Gorski, who could claim much of the credit for putting Poland firmly on the world soccer map, has turned down several offers from foreign clubs since his country's fine performances in West Germany. "I am not interested at the moment," he told an interviewer. "We have much to do in Poland."

Australia must start their preparations now if they hope to qualify for the 1978 World Cup finals in Argentina, according to national coach Rale Rasic. "We're starting from square one again with a completely new team," he said.

"The technical aspects of the game, from coaching through to administration and psychological preparation must be completely professional. It will be much tougher next time and if we don't take a fully professional approach we might not get there. We have two years to prepare for the qualifying rounds and we have to start now," added Rasic.

An essential part of your football kit...

World Soccer

the international magazine

PLACE A SUBSCRIPTION NOW

Subscriptions Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 79 Temple Chambers, London E.C.4, please enter a 12 months' subscription commencing with issue dated .....
enclosed herewith £5.50 U.K. £6.60 Europe. U.S.A. and Canada. $16.25, airmail, other countries on application.

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

Carlisle join the big time at last!

ONLY a few weeks to go before a new name will be appearing on the English First Division fixture lists, and there's no doubt it will provide an excellent excuse for general rejoicing.

Because only once in a blue moon do the doors of the top circle of world soccer open to admit into membership any of the lesser brethren, especially someone who has had the temerity to climb from the basement, and, what's more, achieved practically everything on breadline support.

Carlisle United are the cheeky club which deserves the additional applause for having amazingly hauled themselves out of the Fourth Division with the disappointing backing of a crowd which was generally pegged back to a mere 8,000. Sometimes less!

Underlined

Really, it doesn't seem possible that any club in these days of spiralling inflation could scale such dizzy heights on an annual income of only about £75,000. Which, let's admit it, is usually collected in just three or four games by Liverpool, Arsenal, Manchester United, Leeds United, Spurs, Wolves, Manchester City, Chelsea, and several others.

This homely little Cumbrian outfit, however, has a fighting spirit which is firmly underlined by the manager himself. No less a person than Alan Ashman, who rightly ranks in most folk's credit accounts as one of the game's gentlemen.

Recruited from chicken farming in his beloved northern counties, some years ago, this shrewd Yorkshireman built a new team almost from nothing, brushed off the cynics with honest-to-goodness football, and headed for the summit.

Hugh McIlmoyle, that nomadic scoring character, was one of the aces of that early period, hitting 39 of the best out of a total of 113, as the boys sprinted away from the bottom circle.

On that occasion, Carlisle shared the top spot with Gillingham. But they were out on their own next time round, sidestepping challenges from Bristol City and Mansfield Town, to take the Third Division title in truly tremendous style.

It meant a better sporting life for everyone living around Hadrian's Wall. For it brought them into 'Derby' contact with old friends and rivals at Sunderland and Middlesbrough and set them thinking about the eventual possibility of an even higher grading, and clashes with Newcastle United.

Of course, that looked like pie in the sky. A prospect never likely to materialise. All the betting boys were prepared to offer odds against such a miracle. And you couldn't have found a taker. Yet, having talked with The Boss just after the gravy train had taken them into Division Two, I wondered whether there might be just a small chance.

But away he went to do another building job. That time for West Bromwich, whom he shaped into a Cup-winning outfit in 1968, when The Throstles demolished the pride of Everton with an extra-time goal. Yet shortly afterwards the partnership was summarily dissolved.

Came a period in Greece, and the people who matter in that English border town noted the departure from the home scene, remembered all those tremendous successful efforts on their behalf, and wisely made him Carlisle's twelfth post-war chief.

It was a move the whole district applauded, though local enthusiasm gradually thinned with relegation fears spreading that first winter. And loyalty was severely tested again with a poor start to the last campaign.

Then everything changed. The team found its feet. It set off on a winning run skippered by 21-year-old Bill Green, a £15,000 centre-half from Hartlepools whom Manchester United, Everton and Spurs were afraid to buy, and have since watched develop into a great player.

Ashman is delighted. Obviously. Especially as it means he has equalled the fantastic record of Dave Bowen, who took Northampton Town from the Fourth to the First Division. And it's my opinion he should have been named as Manager of the Season.

Even my old friends Bill Shankly and Don Revie cannot lay claim to the miracle of winning a First Division spot with a team costing a mere £18,000. That's a fact. For Ashman's 2-year spending tots up to only £158,000, against £140,000 recouped on a sellers' market!

A library at your fingertips....

BINDERS

Do you keep your copies of WORLD SOCCER in an unsightly pile? Here's your chance to transform them into a permanent library with a World Soccer binder for only £1.30 (inclusive of V.A.T.)

World Soccer "Binder" Offer

Please send me ..... binder(s) at £1.30 (inclusive of V.A.T.). Overseas rate on request.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Websters Publications Ltd
79 Temple Chambers London EC4

TOUGH AT THE TOP, BUT....

by JACK ROLLIN

IT may be tough at the top, but it is also lucrative and exciting. Take the last three Football League champions in order—Derby County, Liverpool and Leeds United. Their managers are all either in for new jobs or are deciding to do something different—for a variety of reasons.

Don Revie was the man who guided Leeds to their second championship success in 1973-74 having previously led them to a similar success in 1968-69. Now he has been appointed as England's team boss in place of Sir Alf Ramsey who was axed before England appeared in the home international championship.

In the interim it had been Joe Mercer who had taken over temporarily while the F.A. decided to appoint a successor. Although the results under Mercer were quite good—only one defeat in seven outings—it was obvious that a man of 60 was unlikely to be given the job permanently however tempting it might have been for the F.A. to keep with an apparently successful manager.

Revie almost joined Everton a year ago as their manager following negotiations which went on at the end of the season. But there were problems over contract and cash and eventually the pull of Elland Road seemed enough to keep him there.

As it happened it was a good thing for Revie and the team at least. Leeds won their second championship title and prepared for this season's European Cup.

Ambitious

But the ambitious Revie has done just about everything a manager can do with one club—except perhaps win the European Cup itself. This will be something which will now elude him it seems. Still there should be sufficient incentives and compensations in the England team manager's role which will keep him occupied.

Certainly he wasted little time in getting down to business when he was appointed. Almost as soon as the ink had dried on his contract he was making steps to sift through the leading Czechoslovakian players and the clubs for whom they play, as England's next opponents in the European Championship competition.

He faces the same problem as his predecessor in trying to obtain the release of key players from League clubs in time for big internationals but if England are to attempt to compete with the rest of the world at international level, they must have every co-operation.

It is no longer possible for England to put a team onto the field at the last minute and hope all will come right. Those days are gone forever, when countries like Poland can steadily improve until they become a force in the football world.

But while Revie takes over a problem position as England manager, the former Liverpool boss Bill Shankly decides to take a well earned rest from the game he has served so long. He has said that it will be the first break he has had away from it in 43 years and certainly few men have given as much to the sport as he has done, especially in the last decade or so in charge of England's most consistent side, Liverpool.

Their last title gained in 1972-73 equalled the feat of Arsenal in winning eight championships and this season he won acclaim when the Reds took the F.A. Cup at Wembley.

Whether it will be that Shankly will eventually return to the game in a similar capacity or whether it will be as a general manager remains to be seen. But he will only leave Anfield when the club has succeeded in getting hold of an adequate replacement. And even when they do appoint someone it will not be easy to fill the shoes of a legendary figure like Shankly.

The team who pipped both Liverpool and Leeds United in 1971-72 to win the title was Derby County, then managed by the controversial Brian Clough. He left the Baseball Ground last season after differences with the Board and went to Brighton and Hove Albion in the quieter backwaters of the Third Division.

It was not long during his stint at the seaside than an offer was made for his services by the Iranian national team and he would probably have accepted the job if Brighton had been willing to let him go. But naturally the investment made in him by Brighton and their chairman Mike Bamber was something they were not prepared to surrender so quickly and Clough remained with them.

Brighton did little or nothing while Clough was there—but he gradually made staff changes and it would only have been fair to judge him on the new season's performances rather than those of last season.

Then when the Leeds United job became available, Clough's name was linked with it—yet his name had been linked with virtually every other vacancy since he left Derby. This time it was big stuff and when Leeds were able to offer him a salary in keeping with a club which had lost its last manager to the England job and were seeking to get hold of someone who could defend their League title and help them battle it out in Europe, then the name of Brian Clough became apparent.

Still it is curious to note that all three new managers—or rather their replacements when appointed (in the case of Liverpool) are on a hiding to nothing if they fail—because each one of them is already successful.

New Leeds United manager Brian Clough, pictured outside a Brighton hotel with Leeds directors Bob Roberts (left) and Manny Cussins.

World Cup

BRAZIL (18)	Yugoslavia 0-0	Scotland 0-0	Zaire 3-0 Jairzinho Rivelino Valdomiro	E. Germany 1-0 Rivelino	Argentina 2-1 Rivelino Jairzinho	Holland 0-2	Poland 0-1
LEAO	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
NELINHO	14	14	14				
FRANCESCO MARINHO	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
LUIS PEREIRA	2	2	2	2	2	2	
MARIO MARINHO	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
WILSON PIAZZA	5	5	5*				
RIVELINO	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
PAULO CESAR LIMA	11	11		11	11	11*	
VALDOMIRO	13		13ss	13	13	13	13
JAIRZINHO	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
LEIVINHA	8	8*	8**				
MIRANDINHA		19	19s			19s	19s
PAULO CESAR II		17s	17	17	17	17	17
EDU			20				
ZE MARIA				4	4	4	4
DIRCEU				21	21	21	21
ALFREDO							15
ADEMIR DA GUIA							18*

SWEDEN (18)	Bulgaria 0-0	Holland 0-0	Uruguay 3-0 Edstrom 2 Sandberg	Poland 0-1	W. Germany 2-4 Edstrom Sandberg	Yugoslavia 2-1 Edstrom Torstensson
HELLSTROM	1	1	1	1	1	1
OLSSON	2	2*			2	2
KARLSSON	3	3	3	3	3	3
BO LARSSON	7	7	7	7	7*	
ANDERSSON	5	5	5	5*		
KINDVALL	9*		9*			
MAGNUSSON	15s		15**			
TAPPER	14	14**		14**	14	14
GRAHN	6	6	6	6	6	6
TORSTENSSON	8		8s	8	8	8
SANDBERG	11	11	11	11	11	11
EDSTROM	10	10	10	10	10	10
GRIP		13s	13	13		
NORDQVIST		4	4	4	4	4
EJDERSTEDT		16			16s	
PERSSON		21ss				21
AHLSTROM			22ss	22ss		
AUGUSTSSON				18s	18	18

E. GERMANY (19)	Australia 2-0 Curran o.g. Streich	Chile 1-1 Hoffman	W Germany 1-0 Sparwasser	Brazil 0-1	Holland 0-2	Argentina 1-1 Streich
CROY	1	1	1	1	1	1
KISCHE	18	18	18	18	18	18
BRANSCH	3	3	3	3	3	3
WEISE	4	4	4	4	4	4
WATZLICH	12	12	12	12		
IRMSCHER	16	16	16*	16ss		
POMMERENKE	7				7	7
SPARWASSER	14	14	14	14	14	14
LOWE	8*			8s	8**	8*
STREICH	11	11		11		11**
VOGEL	15	15**				15s
HOFFMAN	20s	20	20	20	20	20
SEGUIN		19*				
KREISCHE		10s	10		10s	
DUCKE		9ss			9ss	9ss
KURBJUWEIT			2	2	2	2
LAUCK			13	13*	13*	
HAMANN			17s	17**		
SCHNUPHASE					6	6

appearances

BULGARIA (16)	Sweden 0-0	Uruguay 1-1 Bonev	Holland 1-4 Krol o.g.
GORANOV	1	1	
VELITCHKOV	4	4	4
KOLEV	5	5	5
PENEV	6	6	6
BONEV	8	8	8
NIKODIMOV	17	17*	
ZONIO VASSILEV	18	18	18
IVKOV	19	19	19
VOINOV	7*	7	7
MIKHAILOV	9s	9s	9s
PANOV	15**	15	15**
DENEV	11	11	11
MLADEN VASSILEV	13ss		
STAIKOV			21
STOYANOV			10*
BORISOV			20ss

URUGUAY (15)	Holland 0-2	Bulgaria 1-1 Pavoni	Sweden 0-3
MAZURKIEWICZ	1	1	1
JAUREGUI	2	2	2
PAVONI	6	6	6
MASNIK	3	3s	3s
FORLAN	4	4	4
MONTERO CASTILLO	5		
ROCHA	10	10	10
CUBILLA	7*		7ss
MILAR	19s	19	19
MORENA	9	9	9
MANTEGAZZA	18	18**	18
ESPARRAGO	8	8	8
GARISTO		14*	14*
CARDACCIO		16ss	
CORBO		11	11**

HAITI (19)	Italy 1-3 Sanon	Poland 0-7	Argentina 1-4 Sanon
FRANCILLON	1	1	1
BAYONNE	6	6	6
JEAN JOSEPH	12*		
BARTHELEMY	18s	18s	
NAZAIRE	14	14	14**
AUGUSTE	3	3	
ANTOINE	9	9	9
DESIR	8	8	8
VORBE	7	7	7
FRANCOIS	10	10	
GUY ST VIL	11		11*
SANON	20	20	20
ANDRE		4*	
ROGER ST VIL		15**	
RACINE		13ss	13
DUCOSTE			5
FRITZ LEANDRE			16s
MARIO LEANDRE			17ss
LOUIS			21

Martin Hoffmann of East Germany was one of the young players in the World Cup finals to make a real impression. Despite the East Germans' generally negative and defensive attitudes, Hoffmann showed flair and some exciting touches.

●Continued overleaf

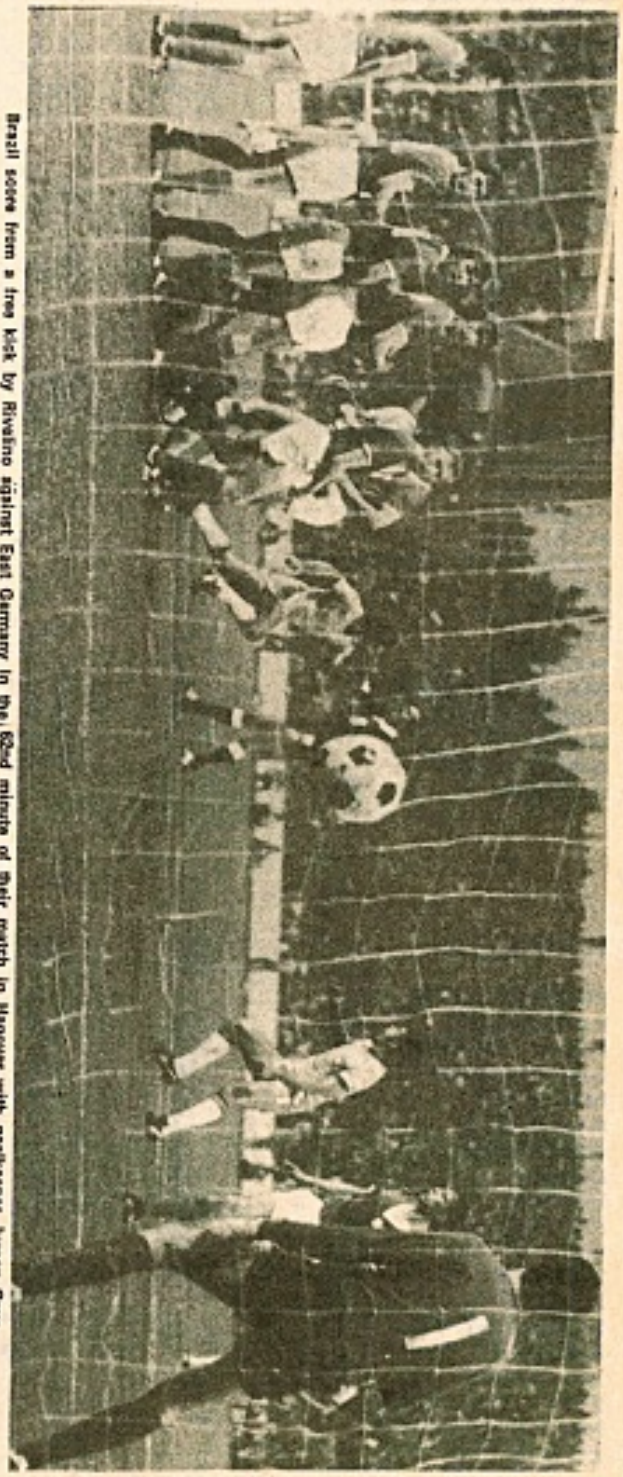
World Cup appearances

CHILE (16)	W. Germany 0-1	E. Germany 1-1 Ahumada	Australia 0-0
VALLEJOS	1	1	1
GARCIA	2	2	2
ARIAS	4	4	4
QUINTANO	3	3	3
FIGUEROA	5	5	5
RODRIGUEZ	6*		
VELIZ	11ss	11	11**
CASZELY	7		7
VALDES	8**	8*	8*
AHUMADA	9	9	9
REINOSO	10	10	10
LARA	14s		
PAEZ	16	16	16
YAVAR		17s	17ss
SOCIAS		18**	
FARIAS		19ss	19s

AUSTRALIA (15)	E. Germany 0-2	W. Germany 0-2	Chile 0-0
REILLY	1	1	1
UTJESENOVIC	2	2	2
WILSON	3	3	3
SCHAEFER	4	4	4
CURRAN	5	5	5*
RICHARDS	6	6	6
ROONEY	7	7	7
MACKAY	8	8	8
WARREN	9		
ALSTON	12	12	12**
BULJEVIC	20	20**	20
CAMPBELL		19*	
ABONYI		11s	11
OLLERTON		13ss	13ss
WILLIAMS			15s

ITALY (15)	Haiti 3-1 Rivera Benetti Anastasi	Argentina 1-1 Perfumo o.g.	Poland 1-2 Capello -
ZOFF	1	1	1
SPINOSI	2	2	2
MORINI	5	5*	5
BURGNICH	6	6	6*
FACCHETTI	3	3	3
MAZZOLA	7	7	7
CAPELLO	8	8	8
RIVERA	10	10**	
BENETTI	4	4	4
CHINAGLIA	9*		9**
ANASTASI	19s	19	19
RIVA	11	11	
WILSON		15s	15s
CAUSIO		18ss	18
BONINSEGNA			20ss

ZAIRE (16)	Scotland 0-2	Yugoslavia 0-9	Brazil 0-3
KAZADI	1	1*	1
MWEPU	2	2	2
MUKOMBO	3	3	3
BWANGA	4	4	4
LOBILO	5	5	5
KILASU	6	6	6ss
MAYANGA	14*	14ss	14
KEMBO	9s	9	9s
MANA	8	8	8
NDAYE	13	13	
KIDUMU	10**	10	10**
KIBONGE	15ss		15
KAKOKO	21	21**	
TUBILANDU		12s	
TSHINABU			7*
NTUMBA			20



Brazil score from a free kick by Rivelino against East Germany in the 62nd minute of their match in Hanover with goalkeeper Jurgen Croy completely nonplussed by swerving shot.

World SOCCER
JOHNNIE REP and JULIO MONTERO
Holland CASTILLO Uruguay

Zaire goalkeeper KASADI and JOE JORDAN Scotland